

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN

MARCH 1956

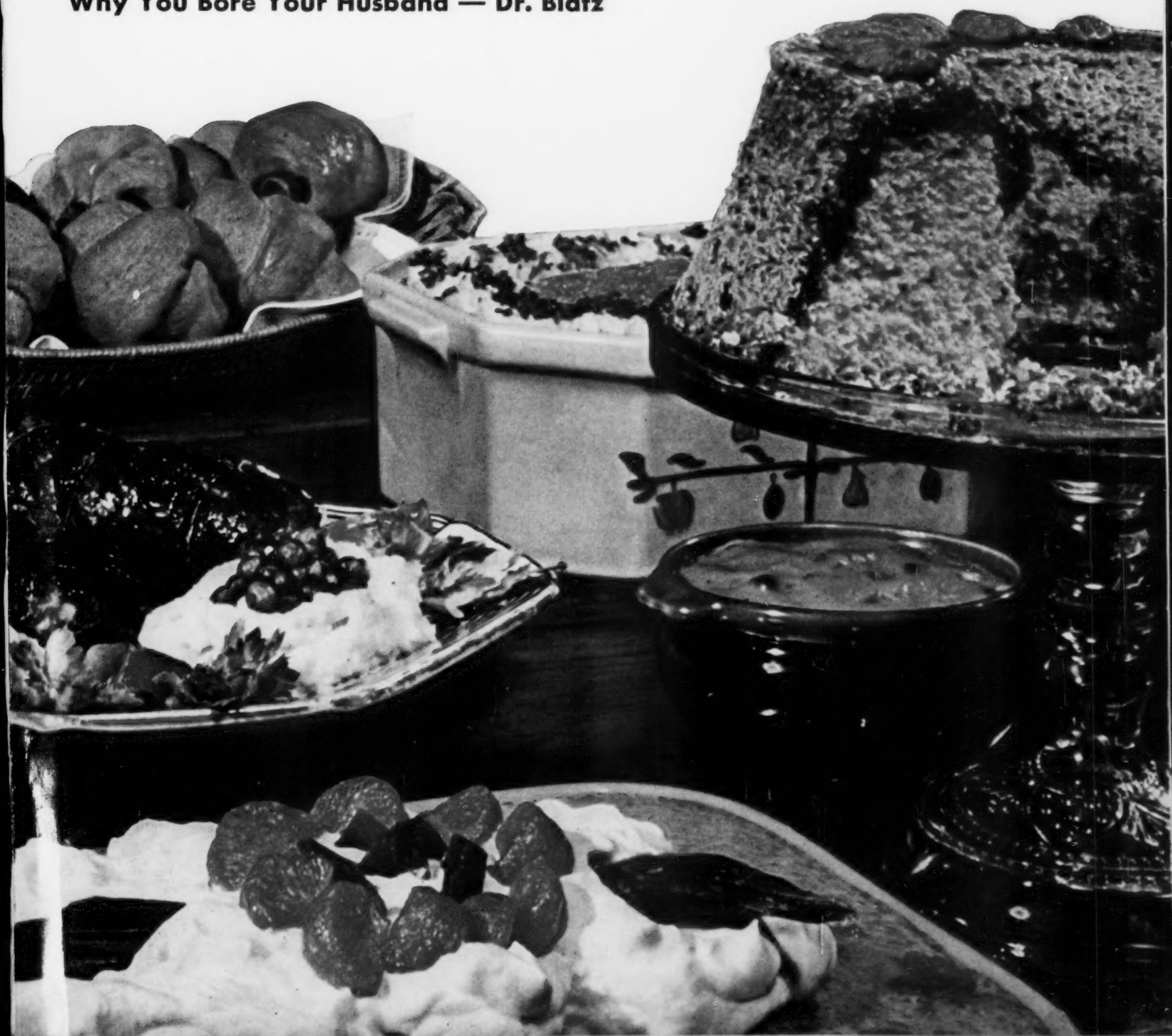
20 CENTS

Chatelaine

FOOD CANADA LIKES BEST

from 5,000 recipes we picked 50 family favorites

Why You Bore Your Husband — Dr. Blatz






Pack a lot into a little and
enjoy wrinkle-free weekends with Terylene*

This talented new textile fibre is the perfect travelling companion. Note how the lady is demonstrating the "packability" of "Terylene". No skimping on clothes... a whole weekend wardrobe squeezed into one small bag.

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You'll enjoy the luxurious feel of "Terylene". You'll enjoy the convenient talents of "Terylene"—look for them in a range of beautifully styled garments. The distinctive trade mark shown at the right identifies approved "Terylene" fabrics.—CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED.

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THE TALENTED TEXTILE FIBRE

*Registered trade mark polyester fibre



Train service is sketchy at Caledon East, Ont., one reason the town wanted a doctor of its own.

BY CAR, Caledon East is about an hour from our offices. But when writer Christena Farrell went out by train to get the story of how the community acquired a doctor (page 12) she returned several days later laden down with more travel lore than if she'd attempted a trip to Baffin Land. When trains run on schedule the trip takes about two hours, including a change at Georgetown. But a trip to Caledon East is rarely even that simple. On the night she started back the train was two hours late. During the wait at the station the local people gathered around the heater cheerfully regaled her with tales of just how late the train could be.

Since there's no station master at Caledon East, no one knew why or how long the delay. The speculation in the station was that the train had hit a cow again. But no one seemed to care except Christena, and after a while she stopped worrying, too, and accepted an apple for dinner and an invitation to come back in the spring for trout fishing. She'll probably stop in to see Mrs. G. Myers, who unloads the freight from the train and is pictured (above) in the doorway of the station, and Mrs. Marty Stonehouse and Bill Proctor who haul away the mail. But she'll go by car.

Vivian Wilcox, Chatelaine's new fashion and beauty editor, is a tall, slim young woman who wears simple elegant clothes and indulges in a weakness for shoes (twenty-four pairs at the last count). She says she thinks she was headed for a career in fashion almost from the time she stopped wearing rompers. As a child she read fashion magazines instead of comic books. Later, as fashion editor of Mayfair magazine for



twelve years she became an outstanding authority in her field. She has attended the big showings in London, Paris and New York and has canvassed Europe to bring new fashion ideas home to Canadian women. Her fashion travels have also taken her to South America, Bermuda, Nassau and Jamaica. During her first week at Chatelaine, she was interviewed for a radio program, emceed a fashion show on TV, gave daily consultations on fashion at the Ontario Garment Salesmen's Market Week—and all this on top of her regular editorial chores. Any spare time she finds these days, she spends combing decorating studios for ideas for a new bachelor apartment which she plans to do in modern and regency.



Alice Laidlaw Munro who makes her first appearance in Chatelaine with her short story, *How Could I Do That?* (page 16), is a prolific and successful writer. Since she began writing during her student days at the University of Western Ontario, twenty-four-year-old Mrs. Munro has had stories read over the CBC and published in magazines and university journals. Most of them have had a small-town background similar to her own which, until six years ago, was Wingham, Ont. Now she lives in North Vancouver, does part-time work in a library, and cares for a

Chatelaine Centre

daughter, Sheila, who is, her mother says, "wild and merry, contrary and delightful, as only a two-year-old can be."



A wedding dress and a complete trousseau can be made by a clever bride for as little as \$110—and our feature, *Sew and Save*, page 57, tells how. Mrs. Alexander Barrie, who is shown in the picture (above) adjusting the model's head-dress, proved it. A recent bride herself, Ann Barrie made her own wedding dress and trousseau. As well as being a clever needlewoman Ann is assistant to Vivian Wilcox, Chatelaine's new fashion and beauty editor. She and her husband, Sandy Barrie, both worked on Fleet Street in London. But they didn't meet until they came to Canada almost at the same time, and to work on the same floor at Maclean-Hunter, nearly two years ago. ♦

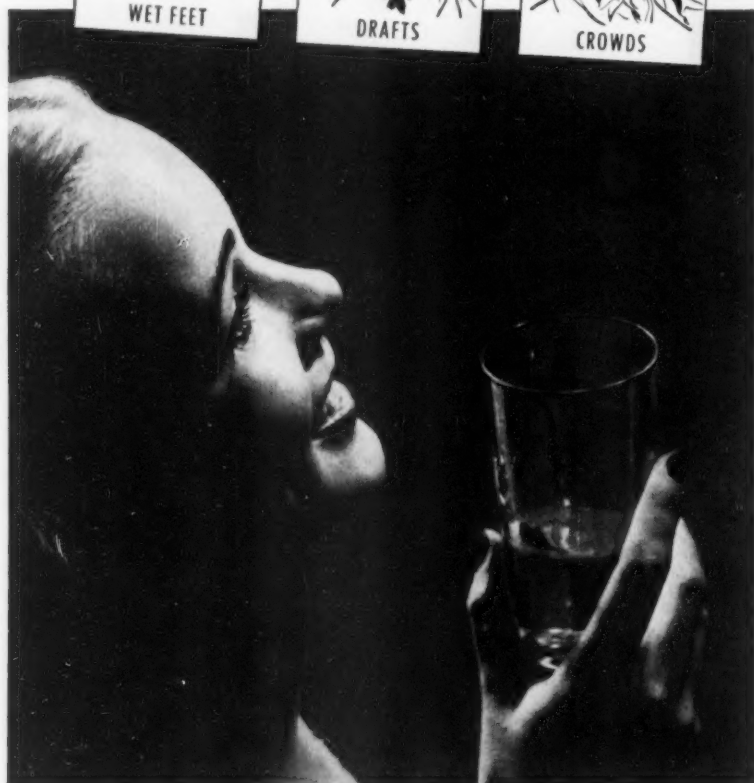
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LISTERINE

The most widely used antiseptic in the world



Vol. 28 No. 3

To feast your eye — and your family — these five top prize winners from our 50 Favorite Family Recipes contest. The other recipes begin page 22. Photograph by Ray Webber.

Chatelaine

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN

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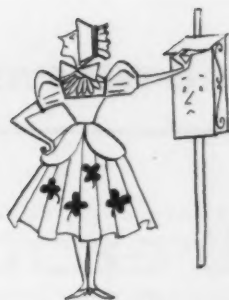
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YOU WERE ASKING

Chatelaine



Woman's Greatest Hazard



Having just read Dr. Marion Hilliard's article, *Woman's Greatest Hazard* (January) I feel impelled to write and thank you for it. If I had been able to read such an article twenty-five years ago I should be a much happier woman today.
—R. H., Edmonton.

I am disgusted and horrified. Is nothing sacred and personal any more? . . . I think you should know how articles of that sort appear to women of my sort—the better educated, more carefully brought-up sort—in other words (old-fashioned, but true) a lady.—Mrs. John A. Brown, Toronto.

Splendid . . . I only wish there had been such plain truthful articles written twenty-five years ago.—R. D., Campbellton.

One of the most disgusting articles I have ever read.—Mary J. McIntyre, Shedden, Ont.

Surely man made in the image of God can keep his love life on a much higher plain.—J. W. S., Saskatchewan.

If women want this information let them ask for it in private—I would blush to think my daughter of fifteen would get this article and read it.—E. M. K., Halifax.

It should be required reading by all couples who intend to marry. After seventy years of living I feel sure it would save millions of lives from becoming tainted with that nasty grey shade of misconception and vulgarity regarding one of God's most beautiful and useful gifts.—Owen J. Bennett, Abbotsford, B.C.

If Thermos Coffee Curdles

Why is it that once in a while the coffee in my husband's Thermos curdles? I always follow the same procedure: pour the coffee and condensed milk into a pitcher and then into the Thermos.—Mrs. B. E. Bridges, Bowmanville.

This may be due to the strength or extreme heat of the coffee or it could be caused by the evaporated milk or cream. The best way is to put just the clear hot coffee in the Thermos and put the cream in a small jar with a screw top, wrapping it in several thicknesses of aluminum foil to keep it cold and sweet.

War Mother Wants Company to Europe

I've just received a letter from the Imperial War Graves Commission, Canadian Commission, announcing the unveiling of Groesbeek Memorial in the Netherlands on June 2, 1956. I would like to get in touch with other war mothers who are interested in taking the trip. If we travel together it will be so much nicer and not so lonely. I have my two sons' graves I want to visit over there, and surely there are others who will want to go. Won't you please write to me?—Mrs. Delia Ash, 816 Plessis St., Val d'Or, Que.

More letters on next page

Send your comments and your questions to The Editor, *Chatelaine*, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2. All letters must be signed, but, where requested, names will not be published on personal questions.



How good are **your** teeth?

Only circus performers, like the one shown here, risk life and limb by using their teeth. Nevertheless, good teeth are mighty important to all of us.

Your teeth deserve good care for many reasons. They aid in maintaining general health, for unless food is chewed properly, it cannot be easily digested for the body's nourishment. Healthy teeth also make us look more attractive; help us speak clearly and distinctly.

Yet, almost none of us escape dental troubles. The magnitude of this problem is shown by these findings from the Canadian Dental Association:

1. Too many Canadians have lost half of their natural teeth by age 40.
2. The number of cavities occurring in the teeth of children between 6 and 18 years old runs into the hundreds of thousands — all of which should be treated.

Fortunately, dental discoveries of great value to children have been made in recent years. Because early dental care is so important, visits to the dentist should start around age three. While little or no treatment may be needed at this age, it is a good idea simply to let the child become acquainted with the dentist. The first visit, if made pleasant and interesting, can give the child a favorable attitude toward dental care that may last for the rest of his life.

Adults should also see the dentist regularly . . . at least twice a year. His examination, including X-ray studies when necessary, can reveal hidden trouble such as an abscess at the roots of an apparently healthy tooth . . . or a small break, no larger than a pinprick, which can be the start of decay. If these and other unhealthy conditions of the teeth and gums are not treated early, they may lead to premature loss of teeth . . . to say nothing of costly and extensive care.

Today, many dental procedures have been vastly improved. New anesthetics, for instance, are now used to deaden pain and they seldom cause unpleasant after-effects. Even the dental drill has been modernized. The techniques of making and fitting bridges and dentures has also become such a fine art that wearers soon cease to be conscious of them.

Preserving the teeth and gums also depends largely on good daily care, including regular brushing and proper diet. In fact, good daily care, coupled with regular dental check-ups, can greatly increase the chances of keeping most of one's teeth throughout life.

* * *

Metropolitan's booklet, *For Good Teeth*, gives many more facts about dental health for both young and old. Just clip and mail the coupon below for your free copy.



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SWANS DOWN "EASTER GLORY" CAKE

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
¾ teaspoon salt
1½ cups sugar

½ cup shortening
Milk*
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs, unbeaten

*With butter or margarine, use ¾ cup milk.
With vegetable shortening, use ¾ cup milk.

Measure sifted flour into sifter. Add baking powder, salt and sugar.

Stir shortening to soften. Sift in flour mixture. Add milk and mix until all flour is dampened. Then beat 2 minutes at a low speed of electric mixer or 300 vigorous strokes by hand. Add eggs and vanilla and beat one minute longer in mixer or 150 strokes by hand.

Baking:

Pour batter into 2 round 8-inch layer pans, 1½ inches deep, which have been lined on the bottoms with paper. Bake in moderate oven (375 F.) about 25 minutes, or bake in an

8 x 8 x 2-inch square pan in moderate oven (350° F.) about 50 minutes.

Frosting:

Combine 2 unbeaten egg whites, 1½ cups sugar, dash of salt, ½ cup water and 2 teaspoons corn syrup in top of double boiler. Beat about 1 minute to blend. Then place over rapidly boiling water and beat constantly (with sturdy egg beater or at high speed of electric beater) 7 minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks.

Remove from boiling water. (For smoothest frosting, empty into a large bowl.) Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and beat 1 minute. Spread frosting between the layers and over top and sides of cake. Then sprinkle with 1½ cups Baker's Coconut. Decorate with jelly beans.



Swans Down cakes
taste so fresh!

Swans Down cakes
rise so high!

Swans Down Cake Flour

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YOU WERE ASKING *Chatelaine*

CONTINUED

Where to Find Speech Therapy

Would you relay the following information to Jean P. Clarke, Edmonton, who asked for information on speech therapy (January). The American Speech and Hearing Association Directory gives a geographical listing of accredited speech and hearing clinics. We have a manual outlining the work of this particular clinic which also may be of interest.—Mrs. I. Richard, Child Guidance Clinic of Greater Winnipeg.

Spotted Hats and Forks

How can I remove water spots from my white winter hat? Question number two, do you know of an easy way to remove tarnish from the tines of forks?—Mrs. C. E. Turner, Arnprior, Ont.



Make a paste of French chalk and benzine and apply to spotted area; rub the paste in lightly and allow it to dry, then brush out the chalk. For your forks, use the handy little metal leaf that is sold for this purpose. Place it in the dishpan with the flatware, then add detergent and warm water just as in washing dishes. The flatware must come in contact with the leaf.

Shirr Draperies for a Valance

Our living-dining room has a coved ceiling. Could I have a valance painted the same color as the walls? Would shirred or pleated draperies be best?—Mrs. Grace Gully, Edmonton.

Have your valance and by all means paint it the same shade as the walls. As the valance box dresses the top of your draperies, the shirred heading (which requires less material at the top and less in width) is quite acceptable and actually runs smoother on the track.

Chatty's Mailbox

Although no Young Parent, I can't resist sending you my appreciation of this department. Chatty Chipmunk would have been delighted yesterday if he had peeked into Ward D of the Montreal Children's Hospital. After making brooches from milk-bottle tops, the children made beads from aluminum foil. Hollis, with her slim brown fingers cut and shaped the beads. Lili, our little Eskimo, and pretty blue-eyed Diane threaded them on red wool. And the boys had fun making hats from paper bags.—Mrs. L. A. Shackleton, Roxboro, Que.



I have enjoyed your cutouts and pictures so much I would love to receive your picture. A girl is writing this for me. She likes you too, xxoo.—Christeen Anderson, Calgary.

I enjoy your games and puzzles very much and look for them every month.—Kathleen Edy, Laroy, Alta.

Chatelaine Credits

I have received Chatelaine for years as a gift subscription and enjoy it more than any other magazine that I receive. I certainly wouldn't be without it in the home . . . —Mrs. Walter Thorneloe, East Angus, Que.

Chatelaine now has settled down to something really worth while; so it inspires me after all these years (I'm sure it is at least twenty) to write a word of appreciation . . . I enjoy a good light story and I am glad that you have endeavored to keep Chatelaine's on a high moral level. I think Dr. Hilliard's articles are priceless . . . —Mrs. H. W. Smith, Vancouver. +

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—By John Sebert (pages 1, 11, 12, 13), Peter Croydon (6), Graham Warrington (18), Ray Webber (19, 57, 64), Basil Zarov (19), Paul Rockett (21, 75), Karsh (32), Wheeler Syndicate (73).

Bruce Hutchison
rediscovers

THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY

PART 7 in the Mar. 3 issue

PART 8 in the Mar. 17 issue

Ontario

FOURTEEN YEARS AGO Bruce Hutchison wrote his best-seller entitled *The Unknown Country*. Canada has since undergone so great a transformation that Maclean's asked Hutchison to make a second report. Parts 7 and 8 of this exclusive report deal with the southern and northern areas respectively of the province of Ontario.

Ask your newsdealer to reserve a copy of each issue of Maclean's for you or take advantage of the money-saving subscription rate of 26 issues for only \$3.00.

BE SURE TO READ

MACLEAN'S

MARCH ISSUES

ON SALE FEB. 21 AND MAR. 6



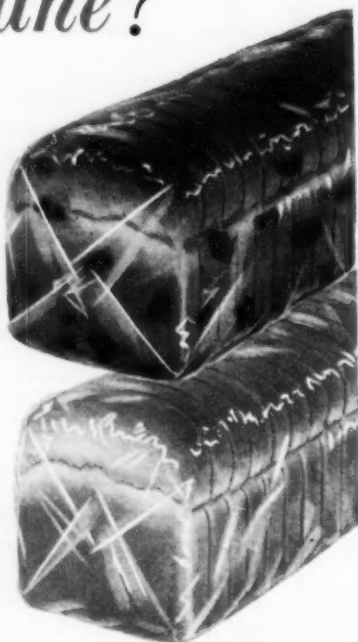
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Because "Cellophane" cellulose film keeps your loaf fresh and tasty for so long!

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Learn to Live with yourself

BY DR. REVA GERSTEIN

How to be a good mother-in-law

BACK IN the days of the Pharaohs, two old women met in the market place. "How is your son?" the one asked the other.

"Oh, he's fine, but that wife of his—" she raised her hands in despair. "She's lazy, always sleeping in. She skips through the housework so that she can gossip with the other women, and she's turning his children into little roughnecks. The way they shout and rush around gives me a headache!"

"What about your daughter?" asked the other woman.

"Oh, she's fine. Her husband is rather a lazy fellow, but at least he's good-natured. He doesn't mind when she gets up late. Actually she never liked housework but he doesn't seem to mind when she skims over things. She has a good time with her neighbors—she always made friends easily," the old woman said complacently. "And her children are wonderful—such lively, healthy youngsters, always up to something."

The woman with the model daughter and the problem daughter-in-law has been supplying cartoonists and joke-makers with material for centuries, for the critical mother-in-law who interferes and tries to dominate is as much an institution as marriage itself.

For a woman who has devoted her whole life to being a mother, becoming a problem mother-in-law is easy. Her family are all grown up. She doesn't find sufficient interest in the "girls," card games and clubs. The new family becomes the centre of her attention. And this is one job she feels she has an indisputable right to express opinions about. After all she's spent her whole life at it hasn't she?

Do You Have to Be a Speechless Mummy?

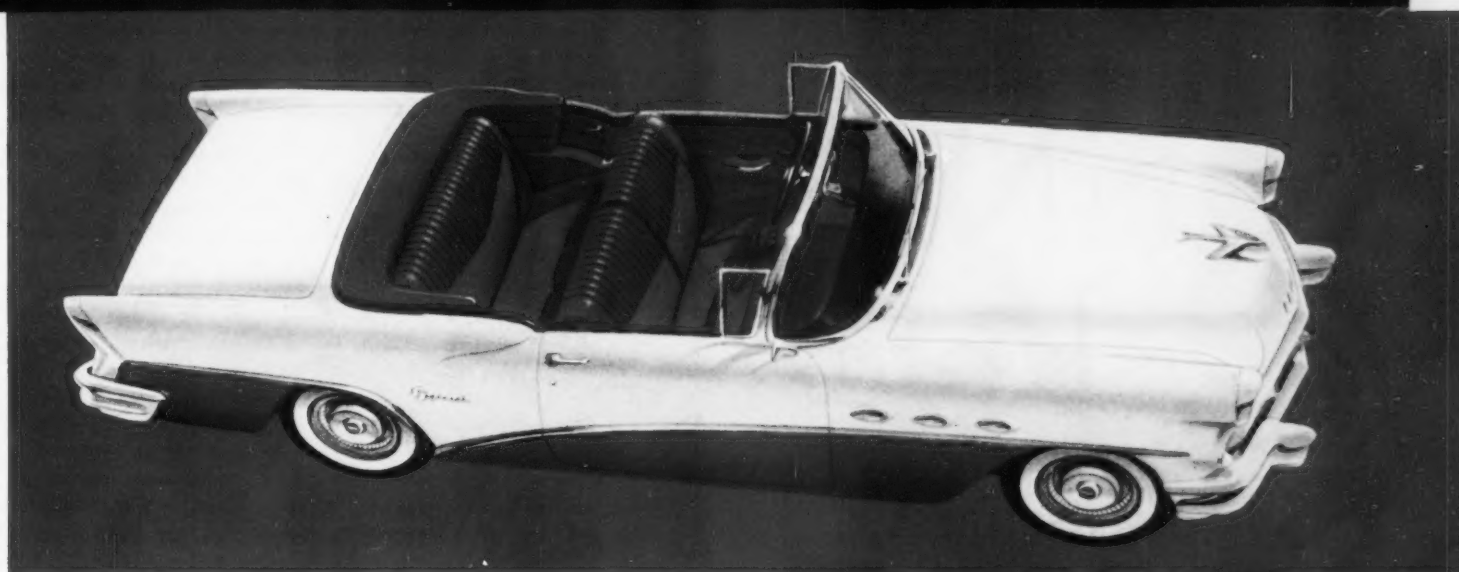
But, when she does speak her mind she runs right up against another woman who is also trying to do a good job. Her daughter-in-law is in the first difficult stage of building a good relationship with her husband. She is anxious to be a good mother and she has her own ideas about the best way to accomplish both these ends. Besides her own convictions about marriage itself, she has deeply ingrained opinions and habits about keeping house which she inherited from her own mother. Even the most tactful advice by the most well-meaning mother-in-law just seems like meddling interference to the daughter-in-law.

"But am I to sit by and never open my mouth about anything?" a mother-in-law asks. "Does being a good mother-in-law mean you have to become a speechless mummy?"

More Than Just a Baby Sitter

Certainly not. But no woman can become a good mother-in-law without first being a good mother, and that means both to her own child and whomever he marries. Her first job as a mother-in-law is to develop the mother attitude toward both her son and daughter-in-law. When she says children, she has to mean them both.

Next she should strive to become a good friend and not just an unpaid baby sitter. But if she expects to play this role she has to start early to prepare for it. If you want *Continued on page 70*



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A Safer-Softness—This miracle covering, because of its reliable gauze

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KOTEX NOW COMES IN THIS SOFT GREY PACKAGE

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Regular (Blue Panel) Junior (Green Panel)
Super (Rose Panel)

Chatelaine's MEMO ON BEAUTY

by Vivian Wilcox



SHOW OF HANDS

Since a pair of well-kept hands can lend a mintful of charm to any gesture, it stands to reason that hand care and grooming should be built into the weekly beauty routine. But what is the best routine to follow? What preparations are best to use and what are the ways of overcoming and curing common hand and nail ailments? Here's a short course on the care of your hands that should help.



Care and color . . . First, the weekly manicure. This should always start with a finger bath of warm, sudsy water, followed by a coating of nail cream for each nail. Slide a flat, smooth-tipped orange stick around each cuticle, lifting it gently away

from the nail and working the cream in underneath. Run the same orange stick under each nail to clean it. The nails are no place for sharp metal instruments—and nail scissors should be kept for your pedicure alone. Shape each nail with long, sweeping strokes of an emery board, filing from the back of the nail and steering clear of the extreme corners. Sawing at the front edge often causes the nail to split, and digging into the corners will cause tiny corns and hangnails. Then polish, remembering this: That large, squarish nails take most kindly to dark tones of polish; look slimmer if a fine line is left unvarnished down each side. That short, stubby nails look twice their length under a coat of pale or medium polish, from half moon to tip.

Ailments and antidotes . . . Weak, splitting nails can be strengthened by soaking them nightly in warm nail oil. Then go to bed wearing thin cotton gloves. Use the same treatment on ridged nails. If the ridges are not too deep, buff them to a smooth surface with a cotton-tipped orange stick moistened with cuticle remover and dipped in powdered pumice. Splitting or tender cuticles (just retribution if you trim them with nail scissors or buffet them back with the towel when drying your hands) need nightly nail cream, and extra-gentle treatment. If they are coarse into the bargain, circle them lightly with a cotton-tipped orange stick dipped in cuticle remover. Enlarged knuckles call for internal treatment (a diet of green vegetables, fresh fruit, brown bread and whole-grain foods) and external decoys (dark nail polish and fairly heavy jewelry). Calluses should be soaked in warm water for ten minutes, pumiced gently and then disinfected.

Handy preparations . . . A new hand lotion which acts as a pair of invisible gloves, seals the skin from such harmfuls as dishwashing detergents, housecleaning grime, blustery wind and weather, and bacteria. At the same time, it softens and whitens the skin . . . Rose-tinted, iridescent enamel that turns each nail to a frosted pearl . . . A quick-drying solution which, sprayed on at the flick of a finger, dries each varnished nail in less than seconds . . . Bleaching cream, to take the dinginess out of hands . . . Artificial nails, wonderful protection and disguise for real ones which are weak, stubby or splitting. +





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A single girl tells

WHY I HATE WIVES



They pity us but won't trust their husbands alone with us for a minute. And all they talk about is babies and housework and neighbors. Why can't wives relax and just be women?

BY JEANNINE LOCKE

I DON'T LIKE the way wives treat single women.

I don't like their blatant assumption that a missus is somehow superior to a miss. I don't like the way they try to redeem us with their clumsy efforts to get us a mate. I don't like the way they incessantly talk shop as though they were giving us a gratifying glimpse of the great warm wonderful world on the other side of the tulle veil. I don't like the way they refuse to consider the possibility that some of us *like* to be single.

In fact, there are times when I don't like wives themselves very much.

There's the match-making wife, for example. A lot of wives have tried to find "a nice man" for me. Curiously, most of them, even those who were connoisseurs when they were in the market for themselves, take a tolerant view of what constitutes "a nice man" for a needy friend. Just about any man will do. But their favorite is the confirmed bachelor.

"You must come to dinner Friday night," one of my friends began a recent telephone con-

versation. "Bill has invited the loveliest man from the office. His name is Jack Swanson and, listen to this—he's SINGLE. Thirty-four and a bachelor. I've met him once and he's absolutely a pet. He's terribly sweet to his mother. In fact the reason we're having him Friday is that he always takes his mother out to dinner Sunday, and Saturday he plays handball. As I said to Bill, now there's a catch for some lucky girl . . ."

I met Jack Swanson. I've met his type before. It's easily recognizable. He's what is known among mothers as "a good son." Now I'm in favor of boys being kind to their mothers. In fact, I wouldn't separate a boy like Jack Swanson from his mother for anything.

I probably couldn't. He's a happy bachelor. As such he's an offense against nature to wives. Although he's eligible only in the legal sense of the word, he's produced as a prize, worth a girl's gamest efforts. Since it's clear to any woman who is still in the lists herself that this man really doesn't want to play, it's embarrassing to be tossed into the arena with him. You can't

very well take him aside and assure him that you mean him no harm. So you spend an evening trying politely to ignore him and also the baleful looks of the wife who cunningly trapped him for you.

A wife may disapprove of your unaggressive behavior in that situation, but she can positively dislike you for playing along with another of her plots. A married friend of mine announced to me a while ago that I was to meet one of her former swains. Her innocent excuse for the meeting was that we were both nice people. On my own, I reasoned that her plan was for us nice people to mate after a decent interval. My reasoning was all wrong.

This man wasn't up for competition. He was strictly for show. Although my friend plainly hadn't wanted him she regarded him as being forever hers. This fact, together with the man's apparent enthusiasm for the role of torch-carrier, left me confused as to my own role. Apparently I was to be merely a prop, or at most the audience.

I have since

Continued on page 42

BY CHRISTENA FARRELL

How Caledon East



THE MOST important person in Caledon East, Ont. (population 505), is a shy twenty-nine-year-old newcomer called Bill Friend. Newcomers don't usually rate highly in Caledon East and they're newcomers for a very long time. But when Bill Friend arrived last November with his wife, Wilma, and three-year-old namesake son, he was ushered into a rent-free office, his family installed in a rent-free house and the town turned out for a banquet in their honor at the Legion Hall.

Bill Friend got special treatment because he's a doctor and Caledon East has wanted a doctor for more years than anyone can clearly remember. Bill Cannon, who runs a general store, says it must be twenty-five years since the last MD's shingle came down in Caledon East. Some of his neighbors say fifteen years is a closer estimate. Whatever the number, everyone agrees that the community has been without a resident doctor for far too many years.

To get his services Caledon East had to compete with larger Canadian communities

with an even greater need. Ontario is relatively well off for doctors (about one for every seven hundred citizens) in comparison with, say, Saskatchewan or New Brunswick where the ratio climbs to about one in more than eleven hundred and the distance between doctors is proportionately high.



William Friend Jr., who is three, waits for his father outside the temporary office quarters.

Only thirty-three miles northwest of Toronto over first-class highways, Caledon East doesn't seem a likely spot for a doctor to stop in. Three blocks comfortably contain the entire business section. The village is bare of theatres, drugstores, supermarkets or hotels. Such public buildings as town hall, library and high school also are absent.

Most of the working people of the community are away during the day. Either they are employed at the aircraft plant seventeen miles away or they commute to the city. Before the second war Caledon East was a simple market village, supported by a mixed farming area. Its people worked right in the town. But with the war came the new aircraft plant and most of the people began working there. They

still do. With the war, too, came newcomers from the city, commuters who were lured by the gentle hills and soft country air. Altogether, since the war's end the population has grown from 350 to 505 at the last count in 1955.

It was no lucky accident that a doctor came to this community. Caledon East had been actively preparing for his coming for a year. At a ratepayers' meeting late in 1954 the decision was made to quit talking about the need for a doctor and go to work to get one. According to J. J. Berney, who is the postman as well as the hardware merchant, "We figured most young doctors wouldn't have much money. To get one, we figured we'd need to give him some help." Since there wasn't a house available for rent or sale, the citizens decided to build a house for the doctor big enough to contain his office.

Everyone agreed to the plan. As Murray Nelson, a garage operator, pointed out, "The women are behind it and every project that works *has* to have the women behind it." The

The doctor checks his new office-home going up.



His waiting room was busy from the start. Before, people had to leave town to see a doctor.

Got a Doctor

The families of the town were taking a chance, but it worked. First they got together and built a new house and office. Then they invited Bill Friend to come from Toronto and hang his shingle on it

wives and mothers of Caledon East had good and numerous reasons for backing the campaign to get a doctor. Almost everyone in the community knew what it was like to wait anxiously for a doctor to arrive from Bolton or Orangeville, both nine miles away, or Brampton, three miles farther, when someone in the family was seriously ill.

Mrs. Bruce MacNamara recalled how long were the hours between nine in the morning, when she phoned the doctor to tell him ten-year-old Linda was sick and the doctor's call at three the next morning. She remembered, too, that the doctor even declined the coffee she had ready for him because he had more urgent calls to answer. Mrs. Morley Hall wasn't likely to forget the three days that elapsed between a fall that left her with painfully wrenched ligaments in her leg and the arrival of a doctor to attend to it. Jesse Stroud, a retired fireman, knew the panic that grew during an hour of trying to get the operator on his party line in order to call a doctor for his wife, a diabetic.

To be without a doctor in a community like Caledon East, which depends for outside communication on an overloaded rural telephone system, is to be practically helpless in times of emergency. "The lines are down every time the wind blows," Mrs. Morley Hall remarked and added, in exasperation, "we haven't had a new phone book since '52." But the biggest difficulty, according to Murray Nelson, is "getting the operator so you can put a call through. At noon and six in the evening, their peak hours, the operators at the Bolton and Caledon exchanges go crazy."

There's no bus service to Caledon East. One train comes in the morning from Toronto, with a change at Georgetown and the most

casual attention to the timetable, and meanders back in the early evening. This makes it necessary to stay away overnight if you leave town. As Mrs. Dorothy Claridge, the hairdresser observed, "If you don't have a car in Caledon East, you think twice before you make a trip anywhere—even to a doctor."

Albert Stewart, general storekeeper, pointed out that when the trip was made to the doctor's office in a neighboring town there was still a long wait before an overworked practitioner could see the patient. In his experience, "you don't go over to Bolton to sit for a couple of hours with just a cough or a cut."

So everyone was agreed that Caledon East must have a doctor and that the first step toward acquiring him would be the building of a house-office. How would they raise the funds? Like a lot of other communities only recently grown to village proportions, Caledon East hadn't got around to the business of being incorporated and so had no authority to dabble in finance. Therefore the simplest method of raising money—for the village to float a bond—was out.



Over tea Wilma Friend (second from right) meets neighbors at Mrs. John Naylor's (standing).

A dozen businessmen promptly offered to underwrite the plan. But their offer was turned down by their fellow ratepayers on the grounds that building the doctor's house was a community effort in which as many citizens as cared to should participate.

Their solution was to form a chamber of



Some of the people who helped get the doctor: Left: MacNamara, Evans, Berney and Cannon.

commerce to cope with the financing. On February 8, 1955, the Caledon East Chamber of Commerce, the 268th in Ontario, installed W. B. Cannon as president, Bruce MacNamara, vice-president, and Kenneth Proctor, secretary. A special committee, comprising one general merchant, one hardware merchant, two contractors, one garage operator, three aircraft-plant employees, one creamery operator, one farmer, a broiler (chicken) grower and a retired fireman, was instructed immediately to "study the doctor question."

The committee began by exploring the idea of a loan from the federal government's Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation. They weren't very *Continued on page 50*



THE DAY JOHN



How would you feel if your husband lost his job?
 No wonder John was afraid to tell Eloise. But the way she reacted
 surprised him as much as it will probably surprise you

BY EARL FULTZ

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BUSH

CHATELAINE—MARCH 1956



There was Eloise, headed for a movie,
and he still hadn't told her the news.

FOLEY GOT FIRED



WHEN John Foley was fired from his eight-thousand-dollar-a-year job as assistant to the sales manager at Hanley & Sons, his first impulse was to call his wife, Eloise. However, since it was three o'clock on a Monday afternoon, he decided it would be better to wait and break the news gently, in person, since Mondays were always hectic for Eloise.

For the rest of the afternoon, John went around in a state of mild shock. He could have gone home immediately but somehow it seemed important, reassuring, to stick to his daily

routine, and so he caught the five-fifteen as usual, read his paper thoroughly, and tried to keep from worrying about all the unpaid bills and the cost of living. He did this by concentrating on how to tell Eloise the bad news in a way which would not shock or depress her more than necessary.

He still hadn't decided exactly how to go about it when at six-ten he reached their home in the Laurel Hill Development, a place noted for neither laurel nor hills. He was right on schedule, however, and he went right on doing things the

same as he did every night. He shouted hello to the children, kissed Eloise, put on his slippers, mixed a couple of drinks, and sat down in his favorite chair.

"Well," John said, "it's been quite a day, I . . ." He decided that was not right and interrupted himself with a sip of his drink.

"I don't know about yours," Eloise said, "but mine has been frantic." She then set about enumerating some of the low spots and John, who believed in the therapeutic value of blowing one's stack, leaned back and

Continued on page 46

How Could I do

*Louise asked herself that question a dozen times in the
tortured hours that followed. But the
fact remained. She had betrayed her mother*

BY ALICE LAIDLAW MUNRO

MRS. BROOKE always had some work in her lap when she sat out on the steps. She would be patching the boys' pants, or hemming a school dress for Ruthie, or peeling the spotty yellow windfall apples that a man on the next street had let her have for nothing but the trouble of picking them off the ground. They were no good for eating, but she made them into good pies and sauce. She hardly had to look at what she was doing, her hands were so used to a needle or a paring knife.

She looked down the street where the mist was coming in through the pine trees and the big dark-red leaves of the soft maples choked up the ditches. And she looked up the street, watching for her children to come from school. Maybe the neighbors saw her sitting there, saw the big round-shouldered woman with the reddish skin, the reddish greying hair, sitting on her steps in the mild fall afternoon waiting for her children to come home from school. But nobody called her, nobody came out to gossip with her.

She never had much to say to her neighbors. She never borrowed from them and plainly did not like to lend. She would stand at her front gate with her arms folded across her breast, calling her children in from the street in the strong upbraiding voice which seemed to be reminding them that they did not belong here with the other children. And she sent her big girl, Louise, to the high school when every other girl on the street who was as old as that was working in a store or a restaurant or one of the factories.

Mrs. Brooke's house was built of wood, not painted. It was near the end of one of the long meandering unpaved streets on the edge of the town. Behind the houses, on one side, was a furniture factory. On the other side was a low waste field and the town dump. And at the end of the street were the thick dark-blue pines. Many times through all seasons of the year Mrs. Brooke would find herself looking toward this little pinewood, as if it were a picture, something unchanging and so unreal, a place mysterious and inaccessible. She never walked into it. She had no time for walks.

On a street like this there were no sidewalks. Everybody walked on the road and the children played there, splashing in the mud puddles now and sliding on them later when the freezing weather came. Many of the houses were like this one, unpainted and silvery-grey in sunlight and sodden black in the rain. Some were painted dark-green or red and some had been covered with shingles of imitation brick. They were all so small that their contents spilled out onto the narrow slanting porches and even the yards, where you could see old wooden chairs with the rungs gone, couches with tattered

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The look Louise gave her mother was a dull scream, begging her not to speak.

that?

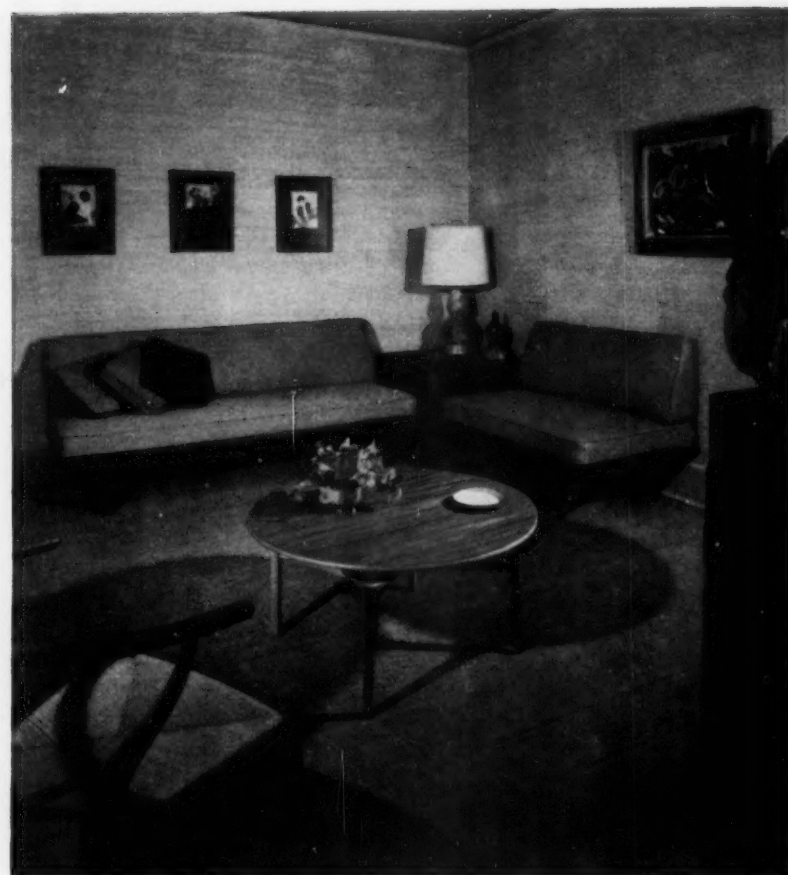


Look What's Happening to Living

COLORS CANADIANS LIKE TO LIVE WITH

**If you live in Quebec you're likely
to prefer vivid colors. But Calgarians
show a preference for warm browns. Check
your own tastes against Chatelaine's
coast-to-coast color survey**

BY DORIS THISTLEWOOD
Chatelaine Home Planning Editor



Vancouver The tawny, golden hues Vancouverites like to live with were used by decorator Don Adams in the living room of Mrs. Edward Fox. Subtly textured beige carpeting and grass-cloth-papered walls make the room appear larger. The Danish furniture in rich-colored teakwood and natural oak reflects the westerner's preference for wood textures and contemporary design. Blue green accents the warm tones.

ON THE map Canada is one vast country stretching from sea to sea, but colorwise we are a nation divided five ways. The west coast, middle west, Ontario, Quebec and the Maritimes are roughly the five color regions of Canada. They grew out of the different climates and traditions in these areas.

The colors predominating in each region reflect the temperament of the people and blend or contrast with what they see when they look outside at the landscape. When a prairie housewife goes color shopping she is most likely to pick the golds, yellows, reds, rusts, olive greens and rich browns of the fall—and be glad she did during the ice-blue prairie winter.

Softer hues of these colors are used on the west coast, more yellows mixing into decorating schemes—perhaps because they best offset any grey days rolling in from the sea. Moving east to Ontario colors are more conservative and muted. Easterners like cool blue, green and turquoise, good backgrounds for the dark furniture woods and traditional styles, often combined with contemporary interiors.

Lively Quebec, in contrast, welcomes the vivid rich reds, corals and lemon yellows. Whether traditional or contemporary, Quebec interiors strongly reflect the European heritage this province clings to. The even older heritage of the Maritimes, including Newfoundland, our youngest province, has rich collections of fine furnishings bequeathed by early settlers, and sea captains who brought the beauty of the old world to the new. It's to these that maritime women key their color schemes, choosing the soft, subtle tones of beige, green, rose and blue to provide the background most suitable for their treasures. +

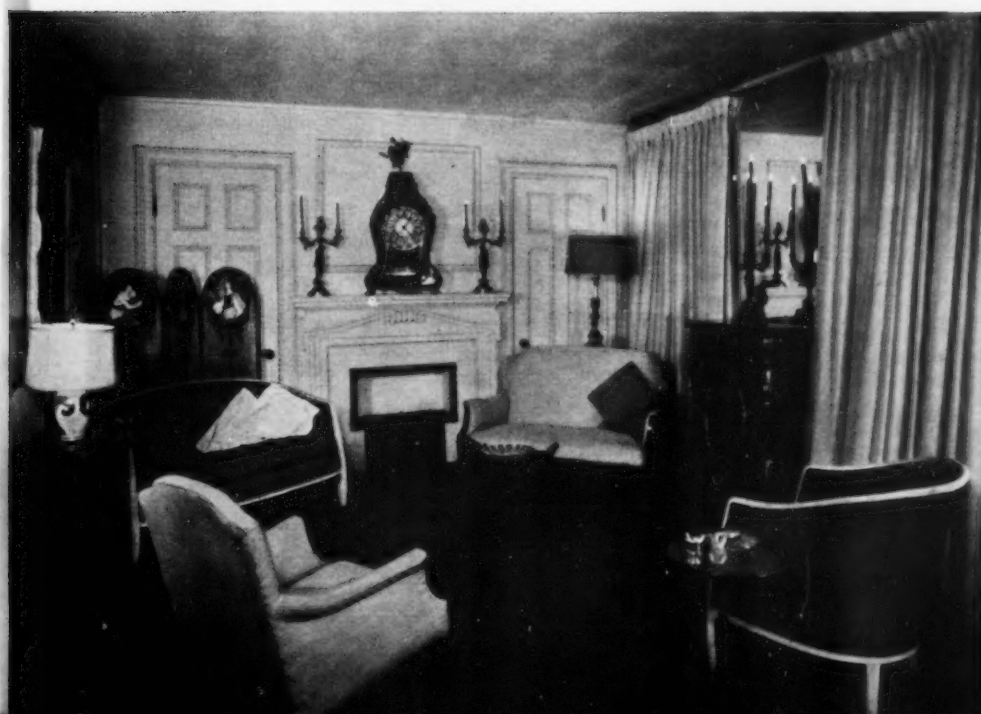
Halifax The colors in Mrs. W. B. Almon's fine old blue and white china became the starting point in her living-room color scheme. The varying shades of blue used throughout the room tie in the china as an important decorating element. Patterned blue chintz gives the room an informal touch. To prevent a cold look Mrs. Almon chose soft pink walls for warmth and to provide a backdrop for the rich mahoganies and other deep furniture woods. The plain grey rug, which contrasts with the patterned fabrics, ties the furniture together in a cosy conversation grouping each side of the fireplace.



Toronto A range of turquoise colors in mural-design draperies dominates the colors used in Mrs. Eric Levitt's room. Chinese Chippendale chairs set the traditional style in furniture. Upholstered seats in orange give accent and interest. An awkward window on the fireplace wall was covered by designer Budd Sugarman with louvered screens painted the wall color.



Calgary Texture is used importantly in this western home of Mrs. Arthur P. Fisherman. Her designer husband chose deep-brown cork to cover a wall in the dining area. Sharp contrasts in autumn colors make the large spaces of their open-plan house interesting. The medium-green rug gives continuity. Tiny bright orange shades on the elegant chandelier are the same accent color as toss cushions on a deep-brown sofa in the adjoining living room.



Montreal The warm color scheme of deep crimson and lemon yellow in the elegant apartment of decorator Aline Jobin adds to its continental air. To disguise walls that are broken up by several doors and three windows Mme. Jobin painted all the woodwork the wall color and used matching drapery fabric. To make the room appear wider, mirrors cover the wall above the chests between windows.

HAVE CORSAGE, WILL SPEAK

A veteran of 4,000 speeches, Kate Aitken recalls her triumphs and disasters as a guest speaker.

One thing, never sit next a coffin salesman.

And don't wear the same dress twice

GUEST speaking is like taking a plunge off a dock. If the temperature is warm and pleasant it's wonderful. Get an icy reception, and you gasp and splutter and wonder why you ever left home.

I'll never forget the way my good friend, Dr. S. R. McKelvey, introduced me last year when I went back to my old home town of Beeton, Ont., to open the fall fair. With a kindly hand on my shoulder, he announced: "Beeton Fall Fair today is being opened by one of Beeton's Old Girls—Kate Aitken. You've seen her on TV, and you've heard her on the air—you can't help it. Some of you listen to her, and some of you turn her off . . ."

With that the fair was opened and opened with laughter. The audience was amused, I was amused; immediately there was established that friendly feeling between listeners and speaker which always makes a warm speech.

A perfect example of how not to introduce a speaker is this. I was filling in at the last moment as speaker at a Red Cross rally in one of the largest dairy-herd centres in Canada. Not content with warning me before the meeting that I must not mention the nondairy spread with which I was affiliated, the local Red Cross president—a dairy farmer of high degree—went on to introduce me:

"Unfortunately our speaker of the afternoon, a most outstanding man, is unable to be with us due to the vagaries of the weather. I realize how disappointed you all must be, as indeed I am. But on short notice we have been able to secure the services of Kate Aitken, a world-famous traveler who is stopping overnight in our city. Within the limited time at her disposal Mrs. Aitken has prepared a short speech. While this is not what you were hoping for and eagerly anticipating, still I am sure she will do the best she can. I have asked Mrs. Aitken, and I'm sure she will

respect this request, that she confine her address to the work of the Red Cross, and not bring in any commercial mention of the product she represents."

I did everything but moo!

We Canadians are the greatest speaker addicts in the world. No bazaar, luncheon, tea or open meeting in the country is complete without its speaker. And, during my lifetime of working with the public, I have delivered at least four thousand of those speeches. To do it, I've traveled upward of one and a half million miles, have spoken to audiences varying in size from fifteen to fifteen thousand.

At no time have I accepted a fee for speaking, and I have always paid my own traveling and hotel expenses. This I feel is my contribution to the outstanding work done by voluntary organizations, both male and female, whose members give of their time and effort so freely and so willingly.

Now after four thousand speeches across the length and breadth of the land, I'd like to recall just some of the things they've taught me. I've garnered more than my share of laughs from amusing incidents on the platform, and I've collected a healthy list of dos and don'ts both for the speaker of the day and her audience.

First, do give your speaker plenty of notice. But be ready to take a cancellation in stride. Most organizations have a program committee which lines up its speakers in May for the next twelve months. This also gives the speaker a good chance to arrange her own schedule. But, it can produce complications, particularly if the speaker leads a life filled with travel. Suddenly she may find her job sending her off to Europe, Asia or Australia, in which case a long-standing appointment must be regretfully canceled. Therefore a speaker should accept a long-distance engagement always with

Continued on page 77



"THE CORSAGE? Best bring your own."



"WORST MOMENT? You are introduced."



"BEETON FAIR was warm and friendly."



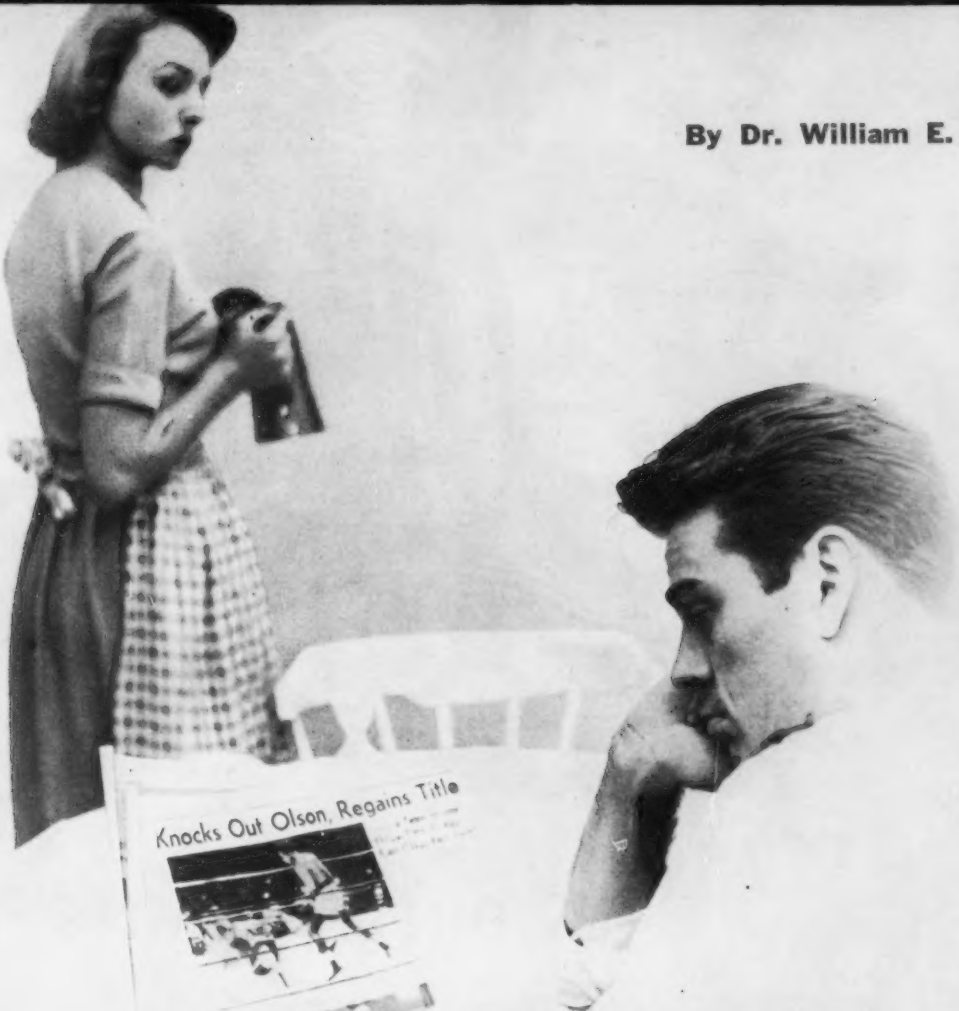
"IRATE FANS booed me off the ice here."



"SPEAKING? I love every minute of it."

By Kate Aitken

By Dr. William E. Blatz



Why You Bore your husband

The subtle blight of boredom destroys many a marriage at its core. One thing, says Dr. Blatz, don't save all your charm for the people you meet at parties

A FRIEND of mine traveling from Halifax to Montreal recently was placed by the dining-car steward at a table where three people, a man and his wife and another man were already in lively conversation over their dinner. They were talking about the second man's work which took him traveling from one end of Canada to the other, pretty much all year long.

"But doesn't your wife resent your being away from home so much?" asked the woman.

He shook his head and grinned. "It relieves the monogamy," he said.

Because he said it with a smile it's possible that the traveling man didn't realize that he had expressed within the framework of his small joke one of the biggest and most baffling problems of modern marriage. The big difficulties, because of their very bulk and reality, can usually be grappled with and if the couple doing the grappling are strong enough and devoted enough these problems can be defeated. But what to do about the slow and desperate growth of boredom? What to do about a subtle sickness that turns what was once a lively and rewarding companionship into a trap in which both the man and the woman are being slowly driven to distraction with the heaviness and the lack of savor?

What causes boredom? There are six fundamental appetites in all of us: hunger, thirst, elimination, rest, sex—and change.

Boredom is the state of mind that occurs when your appetite for change is not being satisfied, just like hunger is the state of mind that accompanies the lack of food.

The infant is never bored because each sight and sound and smell is a new experience, indeed a new world to examine and explore. His span of attention is short so he rarely stays with any one activity. The next one is sure to be fresh and exciting. As we get older and as the world around us becomes a more familiar place we can satisfy our need for change in two ways.

First, we can enter a new world, created for us by someone else, as a spectator. Watching television by yourself or with someone else is an example of this kind of change. The second device calls for some skill developed by you with which you can manipulate the material of the world you know to create a new one in which you will find interest and a sure refuge from boredom. Reading a book or playing bridge are examples of skills that can provide a new world for a while.

We're talking mainly about marriage here but the problem is one that deeply affects everyone young and old—the problem of what to do with that growing segment of leisure time in the lives of all of us.

I believe most of the juvenile delinquency we have seen since the war can be traced to boredom.

Continued on page 53

Selected by
CHATELAINE INSTITUTE
 Marie Holmes, Director
 Frances Hucks Jean Byers
 Betty Cossitt Ellen Ingham

50

FAVORITE FAMILY RECIPES

Here they are—fifty star turns from the family recipe files of housewives all across Canada—the pick of over 5,000 entries

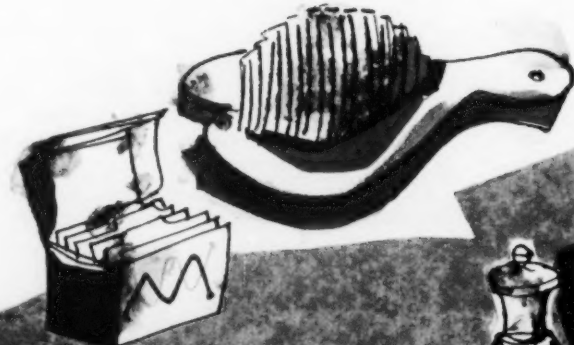
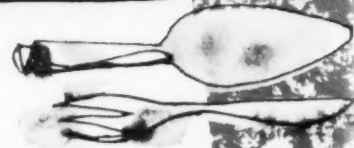
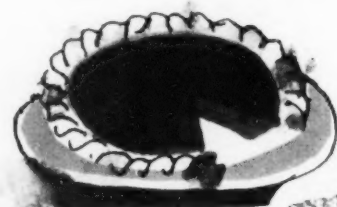
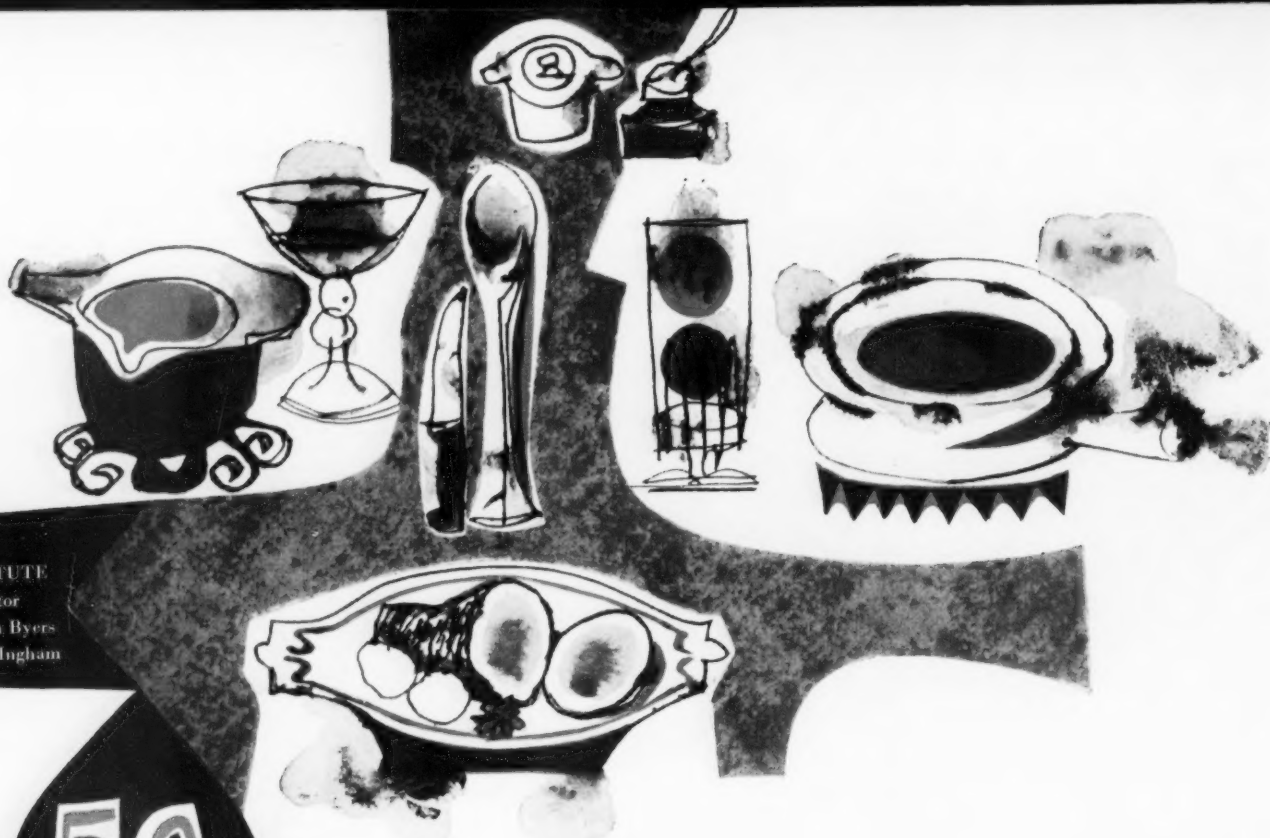
OUR ANNUAL round-up of Fifty Favorite Recipes is two months later this year—and that may be one reason for the landslide of entries that almost submerged Chatelaine Institute. Five thousand family favorites came pouring in—a good two thousand more than in 1955. Most of these were single entries, but many readers sent in two or more, some sent a favorite in each category, and five enthusiastic cooks sent fifty recipes! Reading, sorting and judging these recipes is the hardest job the Institute staff tackles in the year. Not because of the time it takes—we don't mind a bit lugging armfuls home and spending the evening on the living-room floor doing the preliminary sorting. But when we all get together with our first selections we have hundreds of prize winners. From there on, it's heart-breaking, but we *must* reduce the pile to fifty.

Many are eliminated because of duplication; slight variations of the same recipe come from all parts of the country. Some have to be sacrificed because the directions are not stated clearly. Almost one hundred were set aside because they were mailed after the closing date and a few contestants forgot to sign their names.

Nearly two thousand of the entries were in the Cakes and Cookies group. Dozens of this year's cookies were the type that's baked in layers and cut in squares or bars. Chocolate cakes are loved throughout the land, as always, and this year's desserts featured the pudding with the "built-in" sauce. There was a larger-than-usual proportion of delicious-sounding, home-made bread and rolls and more fish dishes than usual. This seems a good omen for increased use of Canada's native products.

Once again we thank you — for your wonderful response, for your exceptionally fine selections and for your wish, so frequently expressed in your letters, to share your favorite recipes with others, even if you don't win a prize.

RECIPES START ON PAGE 24





EGGS GOLDENROD

Blend 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk. Slice in 4 hard-cooked eggs (saving a little yolk to force through a sieve for garnish). Heat and pour over hot buttered toast. Garnish with sieved egg yolk. 4 servings.



4 LENTEN MEALS

by *Campbell's*

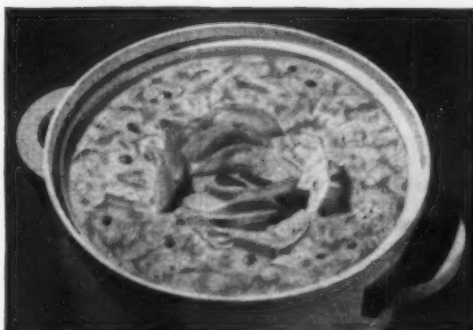
Quick—nutritious—and simply delicious!



by ANNE MARSHALL
Director, Home Economics,
Campbell Soup Company Ltd

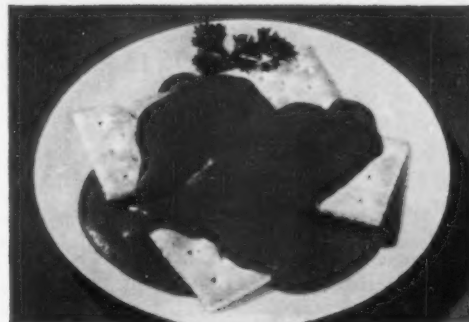
You know it's a special problem keeping meals varied and interesting during Lent. But with Campbell's Soups at hand, you can make a different meatless dish any day of the week—easily, economically!

Eggs, cheese, fish—all of these take on delicious new flavor when you cook with Campbell's Soup. Just look at these 4 quick recipes! You can make them all with Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup (for now it's completely meatless), or substitute Tomato or Cream of Celery. You're bound to think of many other variations for casseroles, chowders, pour-on sauces to satisfy your family's appetite during Lent.



PERFECT TUNA CASSEROLE

In a casserole, combine 1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery (or Cream of Mushroom) Soup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 cup drained flaked tuna (6-oz. can), 1 cup cooked green peas, 1 cup crushed potato chips. Garnish with chips. Bake in oven (375°), 25 minutes. 4 servings.



CHEESE RAREBIT

Combine 1 can Campbell's Tomato (or Cream of Mushroom) Soup with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk and 1 cup shredded sharp process cheese. Heat, stirring constantly, until cheese is melted. Pour over crisp crackers. 4 servings.



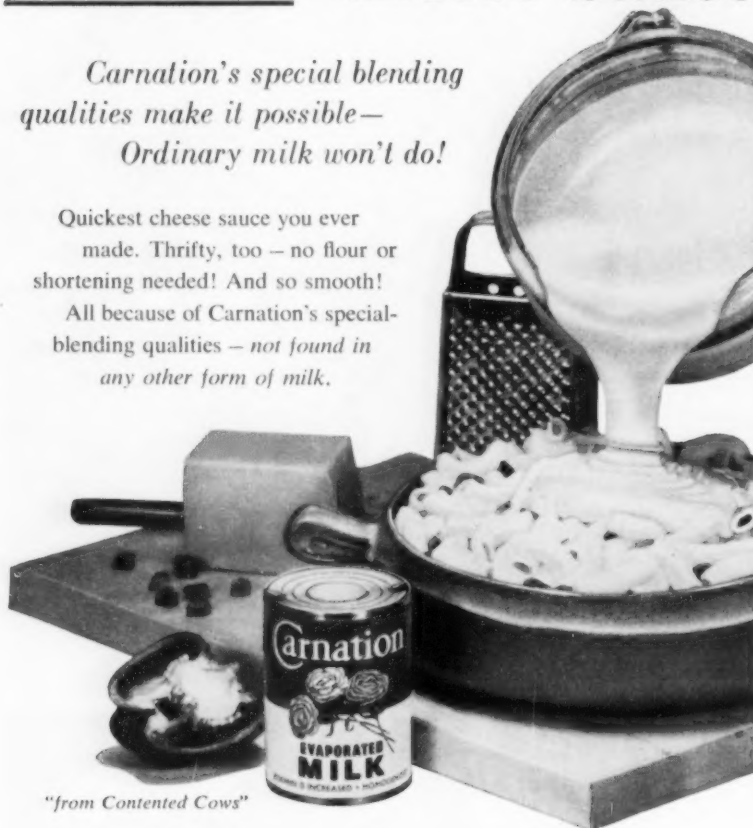
SHRIMP CHOWDER

Brown lightly 2 tablespoons minced onion in 1 tablespoon butter. Blend in 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup, 1 soup can milk, 1 cup drained cooked shrimp (5-oz. can), minced parsley, and a dash of black pepper—then heat. 4 servings.

New 3-minute way to make smoother Cheese Sauce

*Carnation's special blending
qualities make it possible—
Ordinary milk won't do!*

Quickest cheese sauce you ever
made. Thrifty, too — no flour or
shortening needed! And so smooth!
All because of Carnation's special-
blending qualities — *not found in
any other form of milk.*



CARNATION 3-MINUTE CHEESE SAUCE (Makes about 2½ cups sauce)

- 1 large can undiluted CARNATION
EVAPORATED MILK
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 tablespoon steak sauce
- 2 cups (about 8-oz.) grated
process-type Canadian cheese

Simmer Carnation, salt, mustard
and steak sauce in saucepan over
low heat to just below boiling
(about 2 minutes). Add cheese; stir
over low heat until cheese melts (1
minute longer).



MACARONI AND CHEESE CASSEROLE

Pour Carnation 3-Minute
Cheese Sauce over a mixture
of 4 cups of well-drained
cooked macaroni, ¼ cup
finely chopped green pepper,
¼ cup diced pimiento. Mix
thoroughly. Pour macaroni
into well-buttered 1½-quart
casserole. Bake casserole in a
moderate oven (350°F.) 25-
30 minutes. You'll love the
golden-brown surface.



SALMON-MACARONI- CHEESE RING

Pour Cheese Sauce over mix-
ture of 4 cups cooked maca-
roni, 1 cup soft bread crumbs,
1 cup salmon, ¼ cup diced
green pepper, ¼ cup diced
pimiento, 2 beaten eggs, 2
tablespoons grated onion.
Place in buttered 9" ring
mold. Bake in moderate oven
(350°F.) 30 minutes; let mold
stand 5 minutes; turn out on
warm platter.

SUPPER DISHES

★ First Prize

GREEN RICE CASSEROLE

Miss Ruth Simmons, Summerside, P.E.I.



- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 2 cups cooked rice | ½ cup melted butter |
| 1½ cups grated cheese | ½ cup finely chopped |
| 1 cup milk | parsley |
| 2 eggs (yolks and whites
beaten separately) | 3 small onions, chopped |
| | 1 tablespoon minced green
pepper |

Mix all ingredients, folding in whites of eggs last. Bake 45 minutes at
350 deg. F. Serve with the following sauce:

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 can cream of chicken soup | 2 tablespoons melted butter |
| 1 can cream of mushroom soup | 2 tablespoons cornstarch |
| 1 cup milk | |

Melt butter, blend in cornstarch, add milk gradually and cook until thick-
ened. Add soups and heat. Serves 8.

SAVORY SARDINE CROWN

Mrs. A. J. Anderson, Savona, B.C.



- | | |
|--|--------------------------|
| 2 tablespoons lard (or lard
and butter) | 1 teaspoon grated onion |
| 2 cups all-purpose flour | Dash of pepper |
| 1 teaspoon salt (scant) | 1 cup milk or buttermilk |
| 4 teaspoons baking powder | |

Cut fat into sifted flour, salt and baking powder. Mix in grated onion and
pepper and add liquid. Mix to dough and roll out into rectangle approxi-
mately 22 x 7 inches. Butter with soft butter or margarine, then spread
over the following filling:

FILLING

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---|
| 1 can sardines | 2 teaspoons salad dressing or
mayonnaise |
| 1 teaspoon lemon juice | Dash of chili sauce |
| 1 teaspoon Worcestershire
sauce | Dash of pepper |
| 1 teaspoon grated onion | |

Mash the sardines and combine with remaining ingredients. After spreading
on the dough, dribble a touch of tomato ketchup along lower edge (length-
wise) of rectangle and roll up, away from you. Seal edge and carefully
place into a greased pie dish. With scissors, snip a few times (8 or 9). Bake
in hot oven (400 to 450 deg. F.) 25 minutes. Ten minutes before removing
from oven place some rashers of bacon along top. Return to oven. (You may
vary this by dribbling ketchup on top and serving with rashers of bacon
on the side.) Serve with green salad and a chili sauce or hot ketchup. (This
recipe may be endlessly varied as to fillings—leftover meat, ham, etc.)

UNCLE GEORGE'S STEW

Mrs. M. H. Mackay, Montreal



- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1 large Spanish onion | ¼ teaspoon salt |
| 2 tablespoons bacon fat | 3 tablespoons all-purpose
flour |
| 1 tin tomatoes (26-ounce) | 1 tin chilled corn beef
(12-ounce) |
| 1 bay leaf | 4 cups hot cooked brown rice |

Chop onion finely then brown in fat. Add ½ cup of the juice from the
tomatoes. Cook until tender. Save another ½ cup of juice, then add the
remaining tomato to the onion. Add bay leaf and salt. Bring to a boil.
Mix flour with juice saved and add to boiling mixture. When thick add
chopped corn beef. Stir gently over low heat for 3 minutes. Remove bay
leaf. Divide rice into 4 portions and serve on hot plates. Pour mixture over
rice, then serve. Serves 4 to 6.

MEAT SALAD BOWL

Mrs. W. L. Proctor, Springhill, N.S.



- | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 2½ cups diced bologna | ½ cup diced green pepper |
| 1 package baby lima beans
(frozen) | 2 tablespoons sweet pickle |
| 1 cup sliced radishes | 1 cup cooked macaroni |
| 1½ cups diced celery | ¾ cup French dressing |

Cook and chill the lima beans and toss all ingredients together lightly with
the French dressing. Chill thoroughly and serve in lettuce cups. Serves
6 to 8.

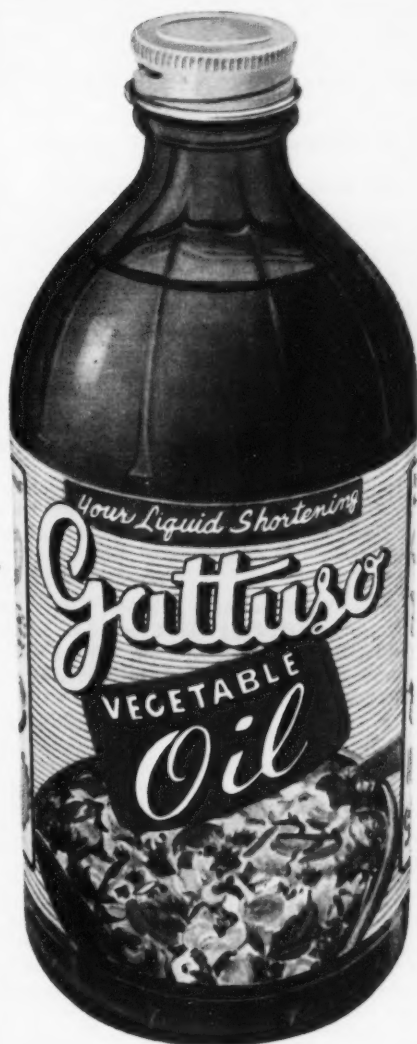
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Try This New Recipe!

GATTUSO ORANGE CAKE

2 1/4 cups baking flour	1 tsp. salt	1/2 cup water
1 1/2 cups sugar	1/2 cup Gattuso Vegetable Oil	1/4 cup orange juice
2 1/2 tsp. baking powder	5 egg yolks	2 tsp. grated orange rind
1/4 tsp. baking soda	7 egg whites	1/2 tsp. cream of tartar

Mix flour, baking powder, baking soda, salt and 1 cup of sugar. Dig a well in centre, pour Gattuso Vegetable Oil, egg yolks, water, orange juice and grated rind. Mix well until perfectly blended. Beat whites until stiff but not dry. Add cream of tartar, continue to beat till thick. Gradually add sugar. Incorporate the first egg whites mixture. Bake in ungreased pan in 325°F oven for about one hour. Remove from pan when cool. Garnish with "Special Gattuso Icing". Serves 12.

SPECIAL GATTUSO ICING

2 egg whites	1/4 tsp. cream of tartar
6 lbs. cold water	2 tsp. grated orange rind
1 dash salt	Yellow coloring
1 1/2 cups water	

Mix ingredients in top of double boiler. Beat 1/2 minute. Put on top of the boiling water. Beat until icing is right consistency to spread. Remove boiling water, add coloring and beat one minute.

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HEAT CONDUCTIVITY CHART

Copper	100 %
Aluminum	54.2%
Cast Iron	11.9%
Steel	11.8%

*Taken at 100° C., the boiling point of water. Source: Handbook of Chemistry and Physics, 34th Edition.



SUPPER DISHES

BAKED STUFFED CELERY

Mrs. A. McRae, Ottawa

1 bunch celery, medium size	2 tablespoons minced onion
1 pound ground beef	1 teaspoon mustard
½ cup dry bread crumbs	2 teaspoons salt
½ cup milk	½ teaspoon pepper
1 egg, slightly beaten	1 can thick tomato soup

Cut off celery tops and all outside leaves. Wash thoroughly, leaving bunch intact. Parboil celery 8 to 10 minutes. Combine meat, bread crumbs, milk, egg, onion, mustard, salt and pepper. Stuff meat mixture between celery stalks and tie with string to hold in shape. Place in baking pan, pour tomato soup over celery. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for one hour. Serves 6.

CHEESE FRITTERS

Miss Margaret Morrow, Winnipeg

1½ pounds potatoes	8 ounces grated cheese
2 tablespoons flour (rounded)	(Cheddar or Cheshire)
½ teaspoon salt	Vegetable fat

Peel potatoes and grate finely. Stir in the flour, salt and cheese. Drop tablespoons of the mixture into hot vegetable fat (½ inch deep) and fry, gently browning on both sides. Drain before serving. Serves 4.

TUNA FAVORITE

Mrs. Stanley T. Larsen, New Glasgow, N.S.

1 tablespoon gelatine	1 can (½ pound) tuna fish,
1 cup orange juice	flaked
1 egg, well beaten	1 cup orange segments
½ teaspoon salt	

Dissolve gelatine in orange juice and heat in double boiler until gelatine is dissolved. Slowly pour into beaten egg and salt and cook in double boiler until slightly thickened (about 5 minutes). Cool. When cool, add tuna and orange sections, drained. Turn into loaf pan or individual molds to set. Serve on lettuce and garnish with stuffed celery and pickles.

HAM AND EGG ROLL

Mrs. Bert Lewis, Port Arthur

1 pound ham	7 or 8 eggs
½ pound bacon	1 onion (chopped fine)
½ loaf bread (slightly dry)	Salt and pepper to taste

Cut ham, bacon and bread in cubes. Combine all ingredients and mix well. Ingredients should be quite moist. Place ingredients on egg noodles (see below) and shape into roll. Wrap egg noodles gently around the roll, folding and pressing ends together to seal. Wrap roll in cloth and tie with string. Place roll in oval pan and cover with water. Boil gently for two hours. Unwrap cloth while hot and rewrap in wax paper to cool. Store in refrigerator. Serve cold, sliced. To Make Egg Noodle Wrap: Beat 2 eggs and add flour until stiff enough to roll out like pie crust.

MEAT AND FISH



First Prize

SAUERKRAUT-STUFFED FLANK STEAK

Mrs. W. Sparling, Calgary

2 to 3 pounds flank steak	1 tablespoon caraway seeds
1 teaspoon salt	3 tablespoons shortening
3 cups sauerkraut	1 medium onion
1½ cups sliced apples	2 cups water
¾ cup dry bread crumbs	

Score the steak, rub with salt, spread open. Mix sauerkraut, apples, crumbs and caraway seeds; spread mixture evenly over steak. Roll firmly; tie with heavy twine or sew edges together. Flour the roll and sauté until well browned in the shortening. Add water and onion, cover tightly. Cook over low heat on top of stove, or in 325 deg. oven for about 2 hours or until meat is tender. You may have to add more water (liquid may be used for gravy). To serve, place on long platter, make nests of mashed potatoes filled with peas down sides of platter and serve celery sticks on ends of platter.

MEAT AND FISH

RULLA PYLSA

Mrs. Fred Vidalin, Gimli, Man.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| 1 two-pound lamb flank, boned | $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon ground allspice |
| 2 tablespoons salt | $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon pepper |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon saltpetre | 1 medium onion, chopped |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon ground cloves | |

Have butcher bone the flank but leave in one piece. Lay this flat on table, boned side up. Mix salt, saltpetre, cloves, allspice and pepper and spread over flank. Sprinkle chopped onion over this. Roll up as you would a jelly roll. Sew up both ends and loose edge with needle and thread. Then wind string tightly all over the roll. Roll in wax paper, set in refrigerator and leave 3 to 5 days to give spices a chance to flavor meat. Place in cooking pan, cover with water, bring to a boil, then simmer for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Remove and cool. Place between two flat surfaces and place weight on top. Leave overnight. Next day, remove string, slice and serve cold.

HEAVENLY POT ROAST

Miss A. Pumphrey, Montreal

If you enjoy the thought of a pot roast cooked in garlic and wine, try this one.

Buy a pot roast suitable in size for your family. A cheap cut of meat may be used. Try to avoid much fat on the outsides, or else cut it off before cooking.

Make small slits in the meat and insert slivers of garlic clove or else sprinkle well with garlic salt. Cover all sides with meat tenderizer and leave for an hour.

Place roast in a heavy pan and brown on all sides.

Pour over the roast a can of consommé and a can of tomatoes. If desired, these may be varied with onion soup or broth. Add a good cup of red or white cooking wine.

Simmer slowly on top of the stove, covered, for two to four hours, depending on the size of the roast. During the last hour add chunks of carrot, celery and fresh or canned mushrooms. If desired, add a little more wine as this makes wonderful gravy.

Remove the roast and thicken the gravy before serving.

Serve with mounds of whipped potatoes.

The roast is equally good when reheated next day in the gravy—if there is any left over to heat!

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**CHICKEN
BOUILLON
CUBES**

JELLIED CHICKEN CONSOMME

(5-6 servings)

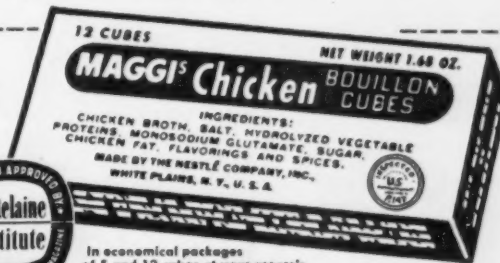


- 1 envelope unflavoured gelatin
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 3 Maggi Chicken Bouillon Cubes
- 2 cups hot water

Sprinkle gelatin on cold water and let stand about 5 minutes. Dissolve soaked gelatin and chicken bouillon cubes in hot water. Add lemon juice and chill in refrigerator until set. Dice and serve in chilled bouillon cups. Garnish with chopped chives.

• For tasty chicken bouillon; simply pour a cup of boiling water over one MAGGI cube.

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Taste Chef Freitag's own recipe for

BUTTER MEUNIERE

a sauce for sautéed fish, steaks or chops.

When fish or meat is ready to serve, squeeze the juice of a quartered lemon over it. Sprinkle with fresh chopped parsley or chives. In a frying pan, brown 2 ounces of butter for each person. Pour over fish or meat.

Marie Fraser's Tested Butter Recipe Booklet has many more tried 'n true ways to better cooking with butter. Write for a copy—it's free—to:

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PRESTO



MEAT AND FISH



WIENER NESTS

Mrs. C. B. Woolley, Dobbinton, Ont.

3 cups mashed potatoes
½ pound wieners, cooked
and chopped

1 medium onion, grated
½ cup thick cream sauce
¼ cup shredded sharp cheese

Make four nests of potatoes. Blend wieners, onion and cream sauce. Fill nests with mixture and bake in moderate oven for 15 minutes. Remove, sprinkle with cheese and return to oven until cheese is melted and golden brown. Serves 4.

SCALLOPED CHICKEN

Mrs. Glenn M. Hill, Port Perry, Ont.

Have you ever served one fat hen to twelve hungry people? No? Well this is the way it is done.

First Step—Simmer gently in water to cover, a fat, stewing bird (6 pounds or better). Into the pot goes a carrot, a stalk of leafy celery, a sprig of parsley and an onion. Cook until the bird will pull apart easily. Cool in broth.

Second Step—Skim off fat from broth and melt in double boiler. There should be ¾ cup. Add butter to make up this amount if needed. Add ½ cup all-purpose flour, stirring until smooth. Slowly stir in 2 cups milk and cook till sauce is creamy and thick. Add 1 teaspoon salt. Take ½ cup sauce and mix with 3 egg yolks, then stir back into sauce.

Third Step—Remove chicken from broth. Skin. Separate all nice white meat and dark meat from any ragged or crumbly bits and break the best pieces into good bite-size pieces. Grind the skin and little bits with meat grinder. Add to sauce along with 1 cup broth.

Fourth Step—Make dressing using 3 to 4 cups bread crumbs, onion, sage, celery leaves, parsley, salt and pepper. Moisten with chicken broth just so it will pack nicely—but not wet, please! Butter a casserole—a large one—lay a layer of dressing on the bottom. Place pieces of dark and light meat on the dressing. Pour ½ of the sauce over this. Now a second layer of dressing, remaining chicken pieces and sauce.

Final Step—Mix ¼ cup butter with 1 cup fine dry bread crumbs, salt and a flick of pepper. Sprinkle over casserole. Bake for 1 hour at 350 deg. F.

Note: This may be prepared and frozen, ready to bake and serve weeks later. It can be prepared ahead and stored in refrigerator, then heated for dinner or just before the party. No last-minute fuss.



SAUSAGES IN BATTER

Mrs. J. W. Baugh, Esterhazy, Sask.

12 sausages
2 tablespoons all-purpose
flour

1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper

BATTER

¾ cup all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons salad oil

½ cup milk
1 egg white, stiffly beaten
4 tablespoons fat (for frying)

Prick sausages and steam for 10 minutes. Roll in the 2 tablespoons flour, salt and pepper. Sift together the ¾ cup flour, pepper and paprika. Add salad oil (or melted fat). Blend well with fingers, add milk. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white and beat until smooth. Let stand one hour. Dip sausages in batter and fry in the hot fat until crisp and brown and puffy. The batter is excellent to use for fried chicken too.

SALMON TEMPURA

Mrs. Peter McGhie, Neepawa, Man.

2 pounds salmon
2 eggs
1 tablespoon water

1 teaspoon minced parsley
1 cup walnuts, finely chopped

Skin and bone the salmon and cut in 3-inch lengths. Wash and sprinkle with a little salt and allow to drain. Beat the eggs with the water and add the parsley. Dip the salmon in the egg mixture, then roll in the finely chopped walnuts. Drop in deep fat and fry until golden brown (about 5 to 10 minutes). A very tasty dish!

WALNUT SQUAREBURGERS

Mrs. W. B. Chisholm,
Battleford, Sask.

MEAT MIXTURE

1 pound ground beef
¾ cup grated raw
potato
1 teaspoon salt

¼ cup chopped
parsley
Dash of pepper

STUFFING

3 cups soft bread
crumbs
1 teaspoon poultry
seasoning
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup hot milk
2 tablespoons bacon
dripping

1 egg, slightly beaten
½ cup diced celery
¼ cup chopped
onion
¾ cup coarsely
chopped walnuts

Combine all ingredients for the meat mixture and set aside while making stuffing. Mix bread crumbs, poultry seasoning and salt, add hot milk and bacon dripping and stir in the slightly beaten egg. Let stand a few minutes to soften, then add celery, onion and walnuts.

Pat out half of meat mixture in the bottom of an 8 x 8 x 2-inch pan. Cover with the stuffing and top with remaining meat. Bake in 325 deg. F. oven for about ¾ hour. Cut into squares. Serve with your favorite salad. Serves 6.



SWEET 'N' SOUR BRATEN

Mrs. Fred Remple,
Swift Current

1 can (10-ounce)
beef bouillon
(undiluted)
4 gingersnap
cookies, crumbled
¼ cup seedless
raisins

2 tablespoons brown
sugar
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 (12-ounce) cans
luncheon meat

Combine all ingredients except meat in large frying pan. Simmer 2 minutes or until thickened, stirring often. Cut each meat loaf into 4 slices. Place slices in sauce, turning once. Simmer, covered, 5 minutes or until meat is thoroughly heated. Serves 6.



FRUITED HALIBUT

Mrs. H. R. McLarty,
Summerland, B.C.

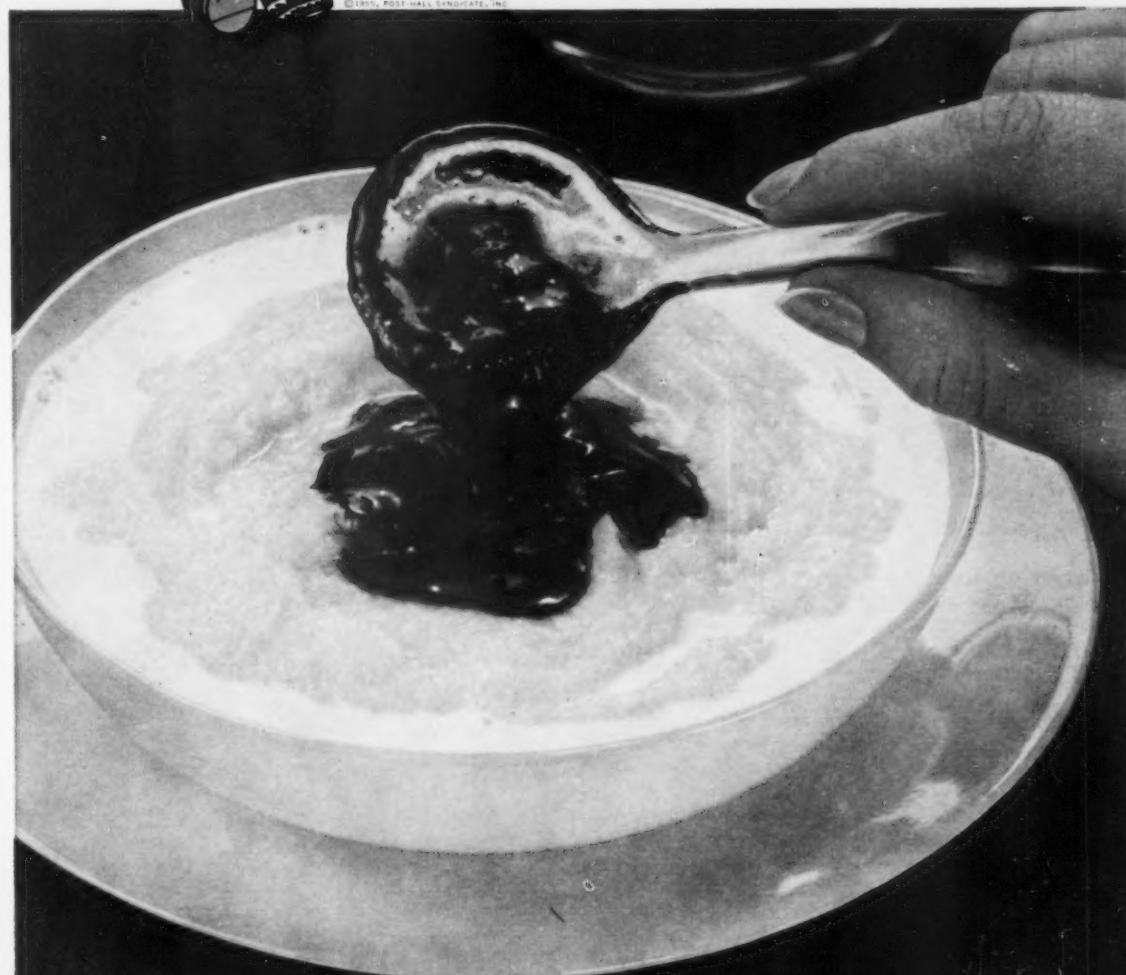
1 large halibut steak
(1½ inches thick)
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup apricot juice
(from canned sweet-
ened apricots)

1 teaspoon lemon
juice
¼ cup butter
4 large or 8 small
apricot halves,
sautéed

Place halibut in greased bake dish and sprinkle with salt. Brush with sauce made by simmering for 15 minutes the apricot juice, lemon juice and butter (have this well boiled down or sauce will be too thin as some liquid cooks out of the fish). Bake fish for 10 minutes per inch thickness at 425 deg. F. Garnish with sautéed apricots and serve. Other fruits—peach halves, whole prunes or canned pineapple slices may be substituted for apricots, but our preference is for the latter. Serves 4.



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HOT "CREAM OF WHEAT"!**

"CREAM OF WHEAT" FOR TODDLERS

Fruited "Cream of Wheat"

Mix ½ cup cooked-in-milk "Cream of Wheat" with 1 can strained baby fruit and 1½ tsp. sugar. Cool and serve.

Jack Horner Special

Fold ½ cup chopped, sweetened cooked prunes into one child's serving of "Cream of Wheat." Serve warm or cold.

FOR COMPANY ...

Fluffy Pudding

Heat 3 cups milk just to boiling. Gradually stir in ½ cup Quick "Cream of Wheat," ½ tsp. salt, ½ cup sugar. Stir a little of this hot "Cream of Wheat" into 2 beaten eggs, then return egg mixture to pan and cook 1 minute more, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, stir in 1 tsp. vanilla. Pour into oiled 1 qt. mold or individual molds. Chill. Unmold and serve with sweetened whipped cream or any fruit sauce.

...FOR SPECIAL DIETS

Bland, easy-to-digest . . . especially welcome for anyone who needs to be "kind to their stomach."

Merry Molds

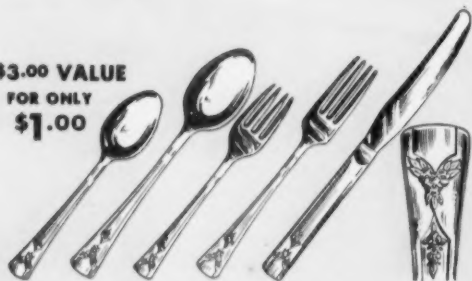
Combine and heat together 3 cups milk, 1 tsp. salt and ½ cup brown sugar. Slowly stir in ½ cup "Cream of Wheat." Cook until thick. Fill greased custard cups with hot cereal. Chill. Unmold and serve with stewed fruit.

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Niblets Brand Mexicorn, Green Giant Brand Wax
Beans and Green Giant Brand Green Beans.*

DESSERTS

★ **First Prize**



**MANDARIN'S
DELIGHT**

Mrs. W. F. Harrison,
Ottawa

1 tin (11 oz.)
mandarin oranges
¾ cup water
(approximately)
Juice and grated
rind of ½ lemon
¼ cup quick tapioca
½ cup granulated
sugar

¼ cup (scant) crys-
tallized or preserved
ginger
1 can (6 oz.) frozen
orange juice
¼ cup slivered
toasted almonds
½ cup whipping
cream
Angelica or green
cherries

Drain juice from oranges into measuring

cup and add water to bring to 1¼ cups. Place in saucepan and bring to boil. Add grated lemon rind. Reduce heat to medium and add quick tapioca, stirring constantly until cooked. Add sugar and slivered ginger, remove from heat and stir until sugar is dissolved. Add lemon juice and the undiluted orange juice. Stand in cold water to cool. When quite cool, add slivered almonds and orange segments, reserving enough to use for garnishing. Fold in whipped cream and place in large serv-

ing dish or individual dishes. Decorate with reserved orange segments and green angelica (or green cherries cut to resemble leaves). In summer chill thoroughly before serving—in winter, room temperature will do. Serves 6. (For serving use either pale green or white china or clear, plain glass serving dishes for this dessert which is nutritious, colorful and quick.)

TWO-CRUST LEMON PIE

Mrs. Lester Corley, Lindsay, Ont.

1¼ cups white sugar	1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
½ teaspoon salt	1 lemon, peeled and sliced very thin
2 tablespoons all-purpose flour	½ cup cold water
¾ cup soft butter	Pastry for two-crust, 8-inch pie
3 eggs	

Combine sugar, salt and flour, add butter and blend thoroughly with a spoon. Reserve 1 teaspoon egg white for brushing crust, beat the eggs thoroughly and add to sugar mixture. Blend until smooth, add the grated lemon rind, the peeled thinly sliced lemon and the cold water and mix well. Line an 8-inch pie plate with your favorite pastry, pour in filling and cover with top crust. Seal and flute edge. Brush with egg white and sprinkle with white sugar and cinnamon. Bake at 400 deg. F. for 30 to 35 minutes.

CRUMB-TOPPED APPLE PIE

Mrs. B. McAndrew, Calgary

Pastry for two-crust, 8-inch pie	½ cup flour
5 to 6 apples	2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice	1½ tablespoons shortening
2 tablespoons butter or margarine	Spicy pineapple sauce

Roll out ¾ of pastry and line an 8-inch pie pan. Slice apples, sprinkle with lemon juice and put into pan. Dot with butter. Roll out remaining dough and cut a half-inch hole in the centre. Put over apples, trim and seal edges. Brush top with water and sprinkle with crumb mixture made by mixing together the flour, sugar and shortening. Bake at 450 deg. F. for 45 minutes. Pour pineapple sauce into hot pie.

SAUCE

1 cup sugar	¼ teaspoon nutmeg
2 teaspoons flour	½ cup pineapple juice
1 teaspoon cinnamon	

Combine ingredients and cook together until thickened.

GLAZED PEACH TREATS

Mrs. F. J. Wagner, Regina

Grease eight large, individual baking dishes. Measure into the bottom of each, in the following order:

½ tablespoon butter	5 or 6 slices fresh or canned peach
1 tablespoon brown sugar	1 tablespoon corn syrup
1 maraschino cherry (in centre)	

Make up according to directions one package prepared white cake mix and spoon the batter into prepared dishes. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) about 35 minutes. Immediately puddings are baked, loosen edges and turn onto serving plate. Serve hot with pouring cream or cold with whipped cream and a cherry on top. Serves 8.

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PLASTICS DIVISION - SUPPLIERS OF PLASTIC RAW MATERIALS

FROZEN AMBROSIA

Mrs. Tom Aitken, Roblin, Man.

4 cups frozen or fresh orange juice	2 cups whipping cream
½ cup lemon juice	2 teaspoons vanilla
3½ cups confec- tioners' sugar	½ cup salted almonds, chopped
½ teaspoon salt	

Mix juices thoroughly, add three cups of the sugar and the salt and mix. Pour into two 4 x 8-inch glass dishes and smooth the top. Whip cream until stiff and add remaining ½ cup of sugar and the vanilla. Mix well and spoon over the juice mixture but do not mix them together. Freeze firmly and when ready to serve, spoon into sherbet glasses and top with chopped salted almonds which have been lightly toasted.

"FOOD FIT FOR THE GODS" (Ice-box Dessert)

Mrs. Laura E. Hewat, Kaslo, B.C.

1 large sponge cake	4 egg whites, stiffly beaten
½ pound butter	Whipping cream
2½ cups icing sugar	Red and green cherries
4 egg yolks (well beaten)	
1 cup almonds	

Line a loaf pan with sponge cake about ½ inch thick, sides and bottom, keeping a slice for the top. Cream butter and icing sugar, blend in beaten egg yolks and the almonds which have been lightly browned and put through the coarse food chopper. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and fill cake-lined pan with the mixture. Top with cake and allow to ripen in the refrigerator for 24 hours. When ready to serve, cover with whipped cream and garnish with red and green cherries. Slice and serve. (Very good!) Can be kept in refrigerator or freezer for days.

"RUSSIAN CREAM"

Mrs. T. G. Peterson,
Spencerville, Ont.

2 squares (ounces) chocolate	3 eggs
½ teaspoon vanilla	6 tablespoons fruit sugar

Break and melt chocolate in double boiler. When melted, add vanilla. Beat in yolks of eggs, one at a time, mixing each thoroughly before putting in the next and add 2 tablespoons of the sugar with each yolk. Beat the whites into a stiff meringue, whip into chocolate mixture. Then put in freezing tray, or if preferred into individual oiled paper cups and freeze.

APPLE TREAT

Mrs. Walter Braun,
Mount Forest, Ont.

18 graham crackers	1 cup orange juice
¼ teaspoon nutmeg	3 tablespoons cornstarch
¼ cup brown sugar	½ cup brown sugar
½ cup butter	Pinch of salt
8 cooking apples	3 egg whites
1 cup corn syrup	6 teaspoons sugar
½ cup water	Pinch of salt

Crush graham crackers and combine well with nutmeg, brown sugar and butter. Press half this mixture in the bottom of a greased 9-inch pan. Peel and cut apples and simmer in the corn syrup and water until tender. Remove apples, drain and place on top of crumbs.

Continued on next page

Bake it with MAGIC and serve it with pride!

Ginger Cream

DEVIL'S FOOD



GINGER-CREAM DEVIL'S FOOD

½ cup cocoa	3 tps. Magic Baking Powder
1½ cups fine granulated sugar	½ tsp. baking soda
1½ cups milk	½ tsp. salt
2 cups sifted pastry flour or 1¼ cups sifted all-purpose flour	9 tbsps. butter or margarine
	2 eggs, well beaten
	1½ tps. vanilla

Grease two 8-inch round layer-cake pans and line bottoms with greased paper. Preheat oven to 350° (moderate). Combine cocoa and ¼ cup of the sugar in a saucepan; gradually blend in ½ cup of the milk; bring to the boil, stirring until sugar dissolves; cool thoroughly. Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, baking soda and salt together three times. Cream butter or margarine; gradually blend in remaining ¼ cup sugar. Add well-beaten eggs part at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in cold chocolate mixture. Combine remaining ¾ cup milk and vanilla. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions of milk and vanilla and combining lightly after each addition. Turn into prepared pans. Bake in preheated oven 40 to 45 minutes. Cover one layer of cold cake with the following Ginger-Cream Filling; let stand about ½ hour then cover with second cake. When filling is set, top cake (or cover all over) with whipped cream; sprinkle with toasted sliced almonds and chopped ginger and serve immediately. Or cake may be topped with any desired frosting.

GINGER-CREAM FILLING: Scald 1½ cups milk and 2 tbsps. cut-up preserved or candied ginger in double boiler. Combine ¼ cup granulated sugar, 2½ tbsps. corn starch and ¼ tsp. salt; slowly stir in milk mixture. Pour back into pan and cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until smoothly thickened; cover and cook, stirring occasionally, until no raw flavor of starch remains—about 7 minutes longer. Slowly stir hot mixture into 1 slightly-beaten egg; return to double boiler and cook over hot water, stirring constantly, for 1 minute. Remove from heat; gradually stir in 1 tbsps. butter or margarine and ¼ tsp. vanilla. Cool this filling thoroughly before spreading on cake.

Sit serene in your accomplishments, Madam! You know the thrilled comments on your cake making are merited—for you planned and baked this magnificent Magic dessert cake *all yourself!* You know its velvet-rich texture and sumptuous flavor will match its triple-toned beauty—thanks to Magic Baking Powder!

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*Magic costs less than
1¢ per average baking!*

Continued from previous page
To the syrup add the orange juice, cornstarch, brown sugar and a pinch of salt. Cook until clear and pour over the apples. Beat egg whites with salt and sugar, put on top. Then add the rest of the crumbs. Bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.). Serves 6. Delicious!

CHERRY SURPRISE

Miss Elizabeth Hoople,
Streetsville, Ont.

Sliced white bread 2 packages cherry
(about 11 slices) jelly powder
1 can (15-ounce) ½ pint whipping
red cherries cream
Hot water

Cut the crusts off the bread and line the sides, ends and bottom of a loaf-

shaped bake dish—V-shaped pieces may be cut to fill in the corners. Open the cherries and separate the fruit from the juice. Heat the cherry juice and measure it, adding enough hot water to make up the amount of liquid required to melt the two packages of jelly powder in a bowl. When jelly is dissolved, take each piece of bread in turn out of the bake dish and dip it in the hot liquid, then put it quickly back in its place in the dish. Continue until all the bread has been dipped. Next spread the cherries over the bread in the bottom of the bake dish and pour in the remaining hot liquid. When the jelly has set, turn the shape out on a platter. Whip the cream and pile it around the shape. Serve by cutting slices of the red jelly loaf with a knife. Decorate each serving with whipped cream. This colorful dessert will keep people guessing, as the jelly-soaked bread has an unusual and delicious taste. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

CAKES AND COOKIES



First Prize

MERINGUE CRADLE CAKE

Mrs. J. L. Stephens,
Toronto

2 cups sifted cake flour	1 square chocolate grated (semisweet or bitter)
3 teaspoons double-acting baking powder	½ cup butter or margarine
1 teaspoon salt	1 cup sugar, granulated
4 egg whites	4 egg yolks
1 cup sugar, granulated	¾ cup milk
1 cup pecans (finely chopped)	1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Beat egg whites until soft mounds begin to form. Add gradually 1 cup sugar, beating constantly until meringue stands in stiff, glossy peaks. Fold in pecans (filberts or almonds may also be used) and grated chocolate. Prepare 9- or 10-inch tube pan by greasing well and lining the bottom with waxed paper. Spread meringue evenly over bottom and three quarters of the way up the sides of the pan.

Cream butter or margarine, add gradually 1 cup sugar, creaming well. Add egg yolks, beat well. Combine milk and vanilla and add alternately with dry ingredients to creamed mixture, beginning and ending with dry ingredients. Blend thoroughly after each addition. (With electric mixer use lower speed.) Turn into meringue-lined tin. Bake in slow oven (325 deg. F.) 65 to 75 minutes. Let cool in pan 20 minutes before turning out.

Note: Cake may also be baked in two 9 x 5 x 3-inch bread pans for 50 to 60 minutes.

Use 4 teaspoons of single-acting baking powder.

MACAROONS

Mrs. Sam Stockton, Drumheller, Alta.

1 pound fruit sugar	½ pound candied orange peel, finely chopped
5 eggs	1 teaspoon nutmeg
Rind of one lemon, grated	1 pound almonds, ground
Juice of ½ lemon	

Add sugar to well-beaten eggs, then rind and juice of lemon, orange peel, nutmeg and almonds. Drop by teaspoon on greased paper, let stand overnight and bake in slow oven. Put paper on damp cloth while still hot. Moisten icing sugar with lemon juice and ice macaroons. Makes five to six dozen and they are delicious.

MARSHMALLOW TARTS

Mrs. Alex Irving, Fort William

1½ cups flour	1 tablespoon sifted icing sugar
¾ cup butter	

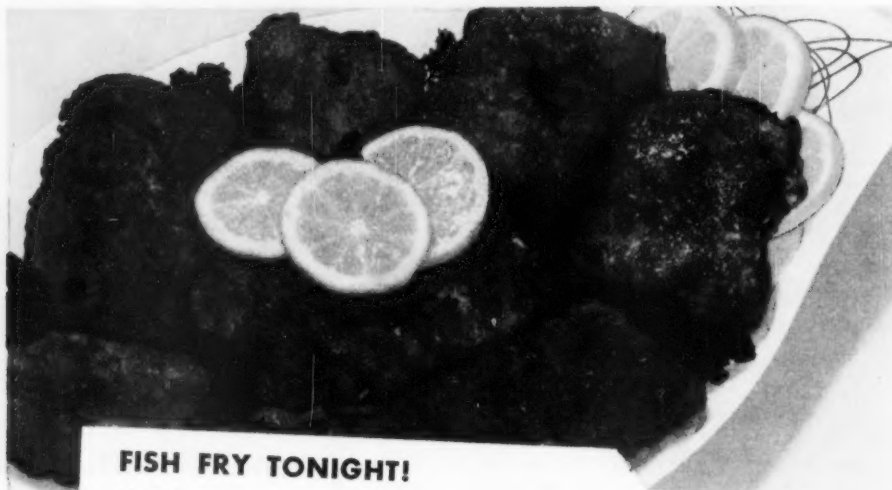
Rub into crumbs and keep working till heat of hands forms it into small balls. Then press into muffin tins and bake in oven at 325 degrees till golden brown. Let cool. Melt into double boiler 25 marshmallows, ½ large or small banana, 15 chopped cherries, mix thoroughly, and fill shells. Let set, cover with chocolate icing and top with a nut.

DUBLIN DERBIES

Mrs. Robert McCullough, Arva, Ont.

1 cup butter or margarine	¾ cup chopped green maraschino cherries
½ cup icing sugar	½ teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon salt	Small chocolate mint wafers
2¼ cups sifted pastry flour	

Blend butter, sugar and salt. Gradually add flour and cherries. Add vanilla. Chill dough till firm enough to roll. Roll out to ⅛-inch thickness. Cut into 2-inch rounds. Place mint wafer between two rounds and press edges together. Bake on ungreased baking sheet at 325 degrees F. 20 minutes. Watch closely—if left too long, the wafer melts. There is enough dough for one package of mint wafers. If you do have some dough left, it makes good cookies baked as is.



FISH FRY TONIGHT!

Golden fillets with instant tartar sauce

2 pounds York Fillets, steaks, or pan dressed fish	1 Maple Leaf Egg, beaten
1 teaspoon salt	1 tablespoon milk or water
½ teaspoon pepper	1 cup bread crumbs, cracker crumbs, cornmeal or flour

NEW DOMESTIC Shortening

Cut fish in serving portions, sprinkle both sides with salt and pepper. Blend egg with milk. Dip fish in egg, then roll in crumbs. Serve with:

Instant tartar sauce	1 tablespoon Margene Margarine	1 tablespoon vinegar
	1 tablespoon lemon juice	

Melt Margene, add lemon juice, vinegar, and heat.

How to pan fry: Put enough NEW DOMESTIC in frying pan to make a layer ¼" deep when melted. Always fry fish skin-side down first, then turn, and brown the other side.

How to deep fry: Melt enough NEW DOMESTIC to cover the fish, but do not fill pan more than half full. Insert a deep fat thermometer, and heat to 375°F. NEW DOMESTIC does not smoke at high temperatures. Can't leave any greasy flavour. Fry fish 3 to 5 minutes, until golden brown all over.

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CRYSTAL TOPS

Mrs. Edith Patrick, Port Dalhousie, Ont.

3 cups all-purpose flour	1 level teaspoon soda (dry)
1 cup butter	2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon mace (optional)
2 cups brown sugar, dark preferred	3 eggs

Sift flour and salt into a bowl. Add butter and work to a fine crumb. Make a depression in the middle and add all the other ingredients. Mix well. Dough should be soft. Roll out on floured cloth as thin as possible for handling. Have ready a small bowl of water (cold) and a soup plate of granulated sugar. Lift each cookie with a turner. Wet it with the fingers lightly; turn it wet side down onto sugar. Lift and put sugar side up onto cookie tin. Bake at 375 degrees for twenty minutes. This makes several dozen according to size of cutter used.

SNOWBALLS

Mrs. Ray Cussons, Ingersoll, Ont.

1 heaping tablespoon butter or margarine	2 whole eggs
1 pound dates, cut in small pieces	2 cups crisp rice cereal
1 cup brown sugar	1 cup chopped walnuts
	Coarse coconut

Put butter or margarine in a large frying pan. When this has melted add dates, brown sugar and eggs. Cook over a low flame on top of the stove, stir constantly until mixture is like fudge. Remove from stove and add crisp rice cereal and chopped walnuts. Mix these ingredients thoroughly through the date mixture. Put a bit of butter on your hands, roll into balls. This prevents mixture from sticking to your hands. Roll the balls in coarse coconut. Set aside in the refrigerator to cool. Snowballs should be removed from refrigerator one half day before wanted for use, as they have to soften up. Yield for recipe—4 dozen if rolled big; 6 dozen if rolled small.

Note: Time—1 hour. No oven heat used. May be completed using only your large frying pan.

MOLASSES SPONGE CAKE

Mrs. Ross Johnson, Upper Stewiacke, N.S.

4 eggs	1 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
1/4 cup cold coffee	1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon vanilla	1/2 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup white sugar	1/4 teaspoon cream of tartar
1/2 cup molasses	

Separate eggs, add coffee and vanilla to yolks and beat until thick and light. Beat in sugar and molasses gradually. Sift together three times the flour, baking powder and salt and fold into egg mixture in thirds. Beat egg whites until light and foamy, add cream of tartar and continue beating until whites are almost stiff but not dry. Fold into sponge batter. Cut gently through batter. Bake in 10-inch ungreased tube pan for one hour in a slow oven (325 deg. F.). Remove from oven and invert until cool. Frost with coffee icing.



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CAKES AND COOKIES

MIDNIGHT MALLOW CAKE

Mrs. James English, Winnipeg

16 marshmallows ($\frac{1}{4}$ pound)	1½ teaspoons baking soda
3 ounces chocolate	3 eggs
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup boiling water	1½ cups granulated sugar
2½ cups all-purpose flour	1 teaspoon vanilla
1½ teaspoons salt	1½ cups sour cream

Melt marshmallows and chocolate over hot water. Add boiling water and beat until smooth. Sift flour, baking soda and salt. Beat eggs until foamy, add sugar gradually and beat until thick and lemon colored. Add vanilla and blend in sour cream. Add sifted dry ingredients, in four additions to the egg, sugar, cream mixture. Add chocolate mixture which has cooled. Bake in two greased, floured, 9-inch layer pans at 375 deg. F. for 25 to 30 minutes.

FLUFF FROSTING

2 egg whites	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup white corn syrup
2 tablespoons water	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cream of tartar
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt	

Combine above ingredients in top of double boiler and cook over rapidly boiling water, beating constantly about 7 minutes or until mixture stands in peaks. Add 6 diced marshmallows and beat until dissolved. Remove from heat, add 1 teaspoon vanilla and beat until thickened. Use as filling and frosting.

FRUIT STRUDEL

Mrs. M. Grosberg, Toronto

DOUGH

3 eggs	4½ cups sifted all- purpose flour
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar	2 teaspoons baking powder
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup corn oil	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup fruit juice (orange, apple or pineapple)	

FILLING

1 cup tart jam, preferably plum	1 cup cut mixed fruit
2 medium cooking apples, peeled	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cut mixed peel
1 cup raisins	2 teaspoons cin- namon

To prepare dough, beat eggs, add sugar and beat again. Add oil, fruit juice and sifted dry ingredients to make a stiff dough. Divide into six portions. Roll each portion into a rectangle about 7 x 10 inches. Spread jam to within half an inch of the edge of each portion of dough. Finely shred the apples on top of the jam, spreading as evenly as possible on each piece. Next in order spread all filling ingredients evenly over all six pieces. (Each piece may be made separately if preferred, using one sixth of filling ingredients.) Roll as for jelly roll starting with the longer side. Place all rolls as completed on a large, oiled cookie sheet leaving about 2 inches space between rolls. With a sharp knife, slash across the top diagonally making marks about an inch apart. Bake for about half an hour in a 350 deg. F. oven. Rolls should be golden brown. Remove from oven and with sharp knife, using lines marked before baking, slice into inch slices. Cool on rack. Makes about 48 pieces.

MOCHA HONEYCAKE

Mrs. C. H. Crickmay, Calgary

2 cups sifted bread or all-purpose flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening or margarine
1½ tablespoons instant coffee	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup liquid honey
2 teaspoons baking powder	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt	2 eggs, separated
	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk

Measure flour, instant coffee, baking powder and salt into sifter. Cream shortening until soft in a large bowl, blend in the liquid honey. Add sugar gradually creaming well after each addition and beat in egg yolks which are slightly beaten. Sift and add dry ingredients alternately with milk; blend until smooth. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry; fold—and this is important—thoroughly into batter. Turn into 9 x 5 x 3-inch loaf pan, which has been greased on the bottom and lined with waxed paper (greasing of paper is optional). Bake in a slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 1 hour and 15 minutes or until cake tester comes out clean when inserted into centre of cake. Cool cake in pan on wire rack about 5 minutes, then turn out onto cake rack. The paper may be removed but the cake keeps well if paper is left on, cake wrapped in more waxed paper and placed in a polyethylene bag. This cake carries well (for school lunches) and does not require an icing, although it may be iced if desired.

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MY SPECIAL COCOA CAKE

Mrs. K. Hutchings, Kingston

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cocoa
1 cup sugar	1 teaspoon soda
(granulated)	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon double-
1 cup brown sugar	acting baking powder
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup cream-style	1 teaspoon salt
cottage cheese	$\frac{1}{4}$ cups buttermilk
2 eggs	or sour milk
$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted all-	1 cup walnuts,
purpose flour	chopped

Cream the shortening with the sugar. Add sieved cottage cheese and mix thoroughly. Add the unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating well after each. Blend in the sifted dry ingredients alternately with the buttermilk or sour milk, beginning and ending with the dry ingredients. Mix thoroughly after each addition. Stir in the walnuts and turn the mixture into a well-greased and lightly floured pan (13 x 9 x 2). Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 45 to 50 minutes. Cool and frost.

Note: Use 1 teaspoon single-acting baking powder.

SPEEDY FUDGE FROSTING

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter	1 teaspoon vanilla
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups (1 pound)	3 squares
sifted confectioners'	(3 ounces) chocolate
sugar	

Scald cream with butter. Remove from heat and add confectioners' sugar all at once. Blend in salt and vanilla and the chocolate which has been melted and cooled. Beat until thick enough to spread. Thin with a small amount of cream if necessary.

MARBLE SQUARES

Mrs. Art Fink, Yorkton, Sask.

2 eggs	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup granulated	powder
sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup brown sugar	Pinch salt
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sifted all-	
purpose flour	

Mix above ingredients together. Divide batter into two parts. To one part add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut. Mix and put in well-greased 8 x 8-inch cake pan. To other part add 1 square of chocolate which has been melted with 1 tablespoon butter and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup walnuts. Mix and spread over white mixture. Bake in slow oven 325 degrees for 30 minutes. Take from oven and cover with 16 marshmallows which have been cut in half. Return to oven for 2 minutes. Use point of knife to spread marshmallows evenly. When still warm ice with chocolate butter icing.

ALMOND STICKS

Mrs. J. Westra, Woodstock, Ont.

2 egg whites	7 tablespoons
3 ounces	granulated sugar
blanched almonds	

Beat egg whites stiff and fold in sugar and almonds which have been put through food chopper. With cake decorator or spoon make strips of mixture about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long on waxed paper placed on cookie tin.

Bake 10 minutes or until dry in oven 375 degrees. Put two strips together with peach jam and dip ends in melted chocolate.

In the World of Desserts

with Frances Barton

Have you ever noticed the extra interest at the table when you announce a lemon dessert? Certainly, no homemaker can go far wrong when she includes at least one of these tempting treats in her menu each week! Scrumptious lemon desserts are easier than

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Instant Lemon Nut Pudding: Make Jell-O Lemon Instant Pudding according to package

directions. Quickly stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup coarsely chopped nuts after beating. Pour at once into serving dishes and let stand until set—takes about 5 minutes. Makes 4 to 5 servings.

Instant Lemon and Banana Pudding: Make Jell-O Lemon Instant Pudding according to package directions. Quickly stir in banana slices from medium banana. Pour at once into serving dishes and let stand until set—takes about 5 minutes. Serves 4 to 5.

Coconut Cookie Dessert: Make Jell-O Lemon Instant Pudding according to package directions. Layer at once in serving dishes with coconut bar cookies. Chill 15 minutes. Serve with whipped cream. Makes 4 servings.

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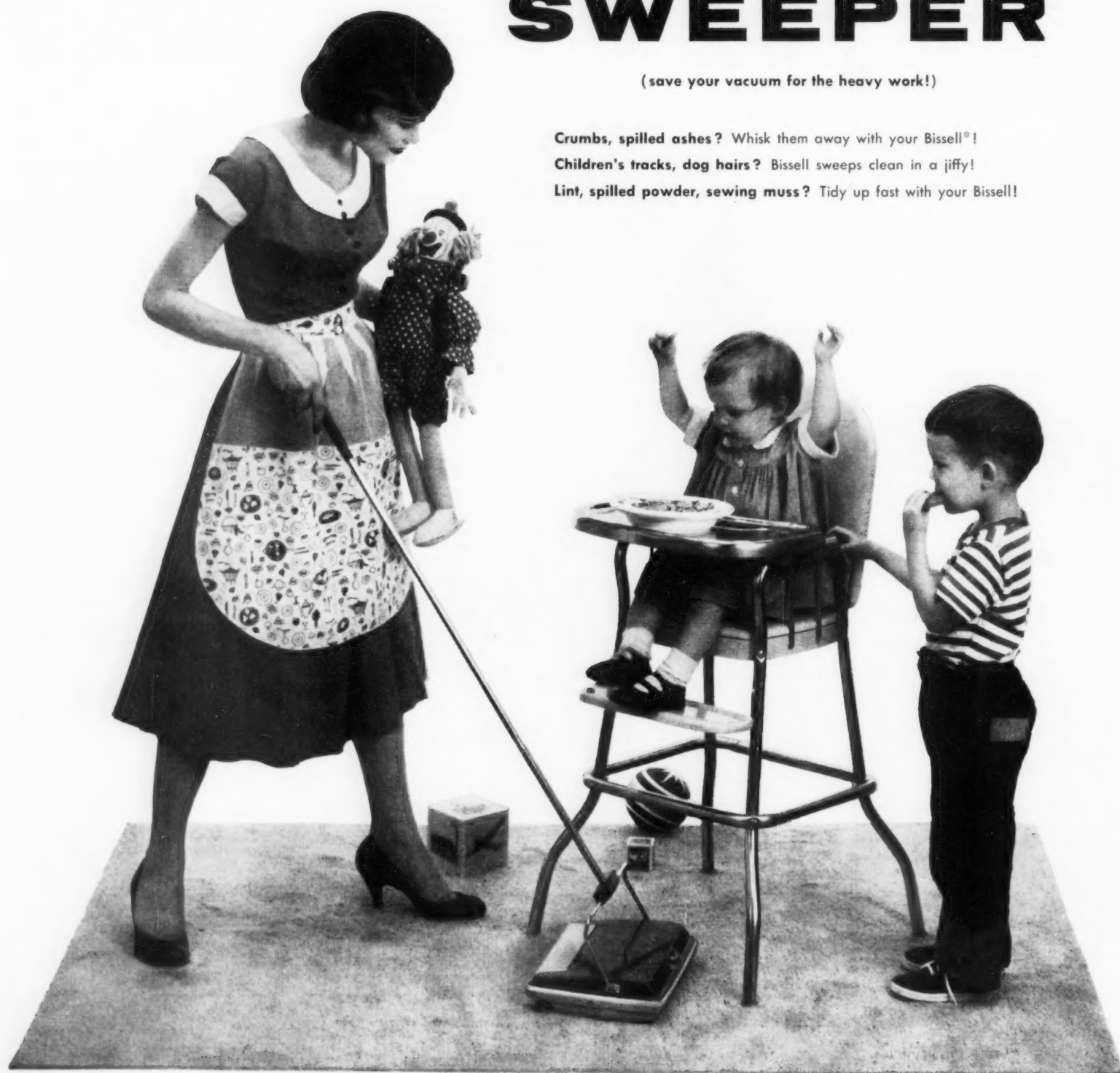
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MARMALADE DROPS

Mrs. L. J. Darby, Shackleton, Sask.

2 cups pastry flour (or 1½ cups all-purpose flour)
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup finely cut dates
½ cup coconut (desiccated)
¼ cup chopped nuts (pecans are good)
½ cup butter, or shortening, or margarine
½ cup sugar (granulated)
1 beaten egg
½ cup thick orange marmalade
½ teaspoon vanilla

Sift together flour, baking powder, soda and salt. Mix in dates, coconut and nuts. Cream butter, blend in sugar, add beaten egg, and stir in marmalade and vanilla. Add dry ingredients to creamed mixture and combine well. Drop by small spoonfuls well apart on greased cookie sheets. Bake in 350 degree oven (moderate) about 20 minutes.

BREADS



First Prize

TOMATO HAMWICHES

Mrs. N. W. Webb, Windsor

¾ cup tomato juice
1 tablespoon brown sugar
3 tablespoons shortening
2 envelopes dry yeast
1½ teaspoons celery salt
2 teaspoons grated onion
1 egg, beaten
2¾ cups sifted all-purpose flour
12 slices ham

Add lukewarm tomato juice to sugar in a large bowl. Sprinkle yeast over the mixture and allow to stand for 5 minutes. Add shortening, celery salt, onion and egg. Stir in half the flour; beat until dough is glossy. Add remaining flour to form stiff dough. Cover bowl with a damp cloth and let dough rise in a warm place until doubled in bulk. Roll out on floured board to make a large circle ¼ inch thick. Brush with melted fat and cut in 12 pie-shaped wedges. Place a rolled-up slice of ham on wide end of wedge and roll toward point, tucking point under. Place rolls on greased baking sheet and brush with fat. Cover with damp cloth, let rise until double in bulk. Bake 15 to 20 minutes at 425 deg. F.

CORN-OAT BREAD

Mrs. W. W. Lewis, Louisbourg, N.S.

1 cup quick rolled oats
½ cup yellow corn meal
2 teaspoons salt
1 tablespoon shortening
½ cup molasses
½ cup brown sugar
2½ cups boiling water
1 package granulated yeast
½ cup warm water
1 teaspoon sugar
Sifted, all-purpose flour

Combine the first six ingredients, add the boiling water, mix well and allow to cool to lukewarm. Mix the yeast, warm water and sugar and let stand in a warm place for 10 minutes. Combine the cereal and yeast mixtures, add 2 cups sifted flour and beat well with a spoon. Add more sifted flour and

knead till dough is no longer sticky. Place in warm place, free from drafts, to rise till doubled in bulk and imprint remains when pressed with finger. Divide in two parts and mold into loaves. Place in loaf pans and let rise till pans are well filled. Bake at 350 deg. F. one hour. Remove from pans and place on cooler. Rub with butter or margarine while hot. Makes 2 large loaves.

VERY SPECIAL HOT BREAD

Mrs. Harry Lucas, Cobble Hill, B.C.

½ cup orange marmalade
3 tablespoons water
Grated rind of 1 orange
¾ cup orange juice (about)
3 cups biscuit mix (your favorite)
1 cup dates, chopped

Start your oven at 375 deg. F. Mix marmalade and water together and spread over bottoms of 24 medium-size muffin pans. Add the orange rind and enough orange juice to the biscuit mix to make a stiff dough. Dump out on lightly floured board and roll in rectangular shape. Sprinkle surface with chopped dates and roll up, jelly-roll fashion. Cut off 1-inch slices and put cut side down in muffin pans. Bake 20 to 25 minutes at 375 deg. F.; remove from pans straightway. "Simply delicious." Makes 24 buns.

KOLACHY

(Little Slovak Sweet Buns)

Mrs. Ernest May, Welland

1 envelope yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
2 cups milk
½ cup (¼ pound) butter or margarine
¾ cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
6 cups all-purpose flour
2 large eggs

Dissolve yeast in the ¼ cup water. Scald milk and set aside until lukewarm, not cold. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add salt and mix again. Place dissolved yeast in milk, add 3 cups flour and beat well. Stir in the creamed mixture and beat again. Then add unbeaten eggs and blend. Gradually add remaining flour, a tablespoon at a time until dough is smooth enough to handle, then knead in remaining flour on a warmed board. The dough should be smooth and elastic to the touch, never hard or stiff. Place in a greased bowl, cover and allow to stand in a warm place about 2½ hours, until doubled in bulk. Place dough on a warmed board which has been slightly floured. Pat down dough to about ¼-inch thickness. Cut into 2-inch squares and place a teaspoon of filling (recipe below) on each square. Gather up the four corners carefully, folding one on top of the other and press together so that folded dough is thinner than dough beneath the filling. When folded correctly the filling will peek through the four sides. Place on large cookie sheets about 2 inches apart and let rise until double in bulk in a warm place (about 45 minutes). Bake at 375 deg. F. for 25 minutes. When cool sprinkle generously with powdered sugar. Makes about 5 dozen buns.

FILLING

2 cups poppy seeds
½ cup milk
½ cup corn syrup
½ cup sugar
1 teaspoon butter
Pinch of cinnamon

Combine ingredients and cook about 5 minutes until thick.

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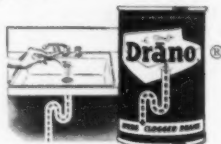


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BREADS

"KUFFLES"—DANISH PASTRY

Mrs. Wm. Rempel, Prince George

3 cups flour, all-purpose	1 yeast cake
3 tablespoons sugar	½ cup lukewarm milk
½ teaspoon salt	2 eggs
1 cup butter	Butter, sugar, cinnamon, raisins, nuts

Mix dry ingredients and cut in butter as for pastry. Dissolve yeast in lukewarm milk, add beaten eggs and mix into dry ingredients. Place dough in bowl, cover with wax paper and leave overnight in the refrigerator. Next day, divide dough in 5 equal parts. Roll each as for round piecrust, spread with softened butter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and cut each in eight wedges. Fill each wedge with raisins and nuts and roll each piece from wide end to centre. Dip each kuffle in sugar and cinnamon, or sesame seeds. Arrange, well spaced, on buttered cookie sheet. Allow to rise one hour. Bake at 375 deg. F. 15 minutes or until brown. Makes 40 kuffles.

THREE-HOUR WHOLE-WHEAT BREAD

Mrs. O. R. Down, Sarnia

2 packages dry yeast	2 teaspoons salt
½ cup lukewarm water	4 tablespoons shortening
2 teaspoons sugar	3 cups sifted all-purpose flour
2 cups potato water	3 cups whole-wheat flour
4 tablespoons brown sugar	

Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water, add sugar and allow to stand for 10 minutes. Put potato water on stove to warm, add sugar, salt and shortening. Stir yeast mixture and add. Add flour gradually. Knead well. Place in a greased bowl, cover and let rise one hour. Punch down and let rest 5 minutes. Divide dough into two portions and shape into loaves. Place in greased loaf pans and let rise one hour. Bake 50 minutes in moderately hot oven (375 deg. F.). Makes 2 loaves.

If I have no potato water saved, I cut up and cook a small potato which I sieve into the liquid.

Suggestion: Substitute honey for the brown sugar. Form half the dough into rolls. They make a nice accompaniment for a fruit salad. The honey-flavored bread, toasted, is a breakfast or snack-time treat.

RUM BABA

Mrs. Joan Handforth, Duck Cove, N.B.

1 cup sieved all-purpose flour	¼ cup melted butter or margarine
2 teaspoons sugar	½ teaspoon salt
½ cup lukewarm milk or water	1 egg
1 packet yeast	

Dissolve sugar in the liquid and add the yeast. When this begins to bubble, add to the flour. At the same time add the melted butter, salt and the egg. Beat all together till well mixed. Warm and grease 12 muffin tins and half fill them with the dough. Leave

to rise for 10 to 15 minutes in a warm place and bake in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) for 10 minutes. To serve, coat each baba with the following syrup:

2 tablespoons golden syrup	A few drops rum flavoring
2 tablespoons water	A few drops lemon or orange juice

Boil these ingredients together until well mixed.

RYE BREAD

Mrs. Edna Lapp, Brooks, Alta.

1 cup lukewarm water	4 tablespoons dark corn syrup
2 teaspoons sugar	4 tablespoons molasses
2 packages fast-rising dry yeast	10 cups all-purpose flour
3½ cups lukewarm liquid	3 cups rye flour
6 tablespoons granulated sugar	4 tablespoons soft shortening
2 tablespoons salt	4 tablespoons caraway seeds (optional)

Combine water and sugar and sprinkle yeast over water. Allow to sit until bubbly (about 10 to 15 minutes). While yeast is rising, mix together in large mixing bowl the 3½ cups liquid (if fresh milk is used, scald it first, then cool to lukewarm), sugar, salt, corn syrup and molasses. Sift, measure and combine the flours. Add yeast mixture to liquid and add the shortening. Add combined liquids to the flour and stir well with a long wooden spoon. At this point add the caraway seeds if you like them. Blend the dough into a smooth mass with the hands, using a rotary, swinging motion. Knead on a bakeboard, lightly greased to prevent dough from sticking. Continue kneading for at least 5 minutes. Put dough to rise in lightly greased warm bowl. Cover

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with transparent food wrap, over which a damp cloth can be placed. (The purpose of the food wrap is to keep the cloth from becoming sticky.) Let the dough rise at room temperature (75 to 85 deg. F.), away from a register. If you are not using your oven, turn it on for 3 minutes, then off, just to give it a slight warmth and put the dough in the oven to rise. In this way you may be sure that drafts will not chill the dough. When dough is double in bulk, punch it down again and repeat the kneading process for 2 or 3 minutes. Let rise again and then shape into loaves. The loaves should become almost double in bulk. Be sure to have the oven heated and put loaves in as soon as they are ready, because the rye flour weakens the structure slightly and if the bread becomes too light it will collapse. Bake at 425 deg. F. for 15 minutes, then reduce heat to 375 deg. for 25 minutes. Makes 4 loaves.

BUNWICHES

Mrs. Henry B. Morgan, Saskatoon

1 teaspoon granulated sugar	1 egg, well beaten
½ cup lukewarm water	4 cups sifted all-purpose flour (approx.)
1 package dry yeast	Ham or hamburger filling
¾ cup scalded milk	
¼ cup shortening	
1 tablespoon granulated sugar	
2 teaspoons salt	

Add the teaspoon sugar to lukewarm water and dissolve yeast in this mixture. Scald milk, add shortening, 1 tablespoon sugar and salt and cool to lukewarm. Add dissolved yeast and egg. Stir in the flour to form a soft dough. Knead dough until smooth on a lightly floured board for 5 minutes. Roll out to ¼-inch thickness and cut in rounds with a 3-inch cutter. Place about 2 tablespoons of ham or hamburger filling in the centre of half of the circles. Top with remaining circles, seal edges with water and press together. Set on greased cookie sheet in a warm place. Brush rolls with milk and allow to double in bulk. Bake in a preheated oven (400 deg. F.) for 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 12 to 16 rolls.

HAM FILLING

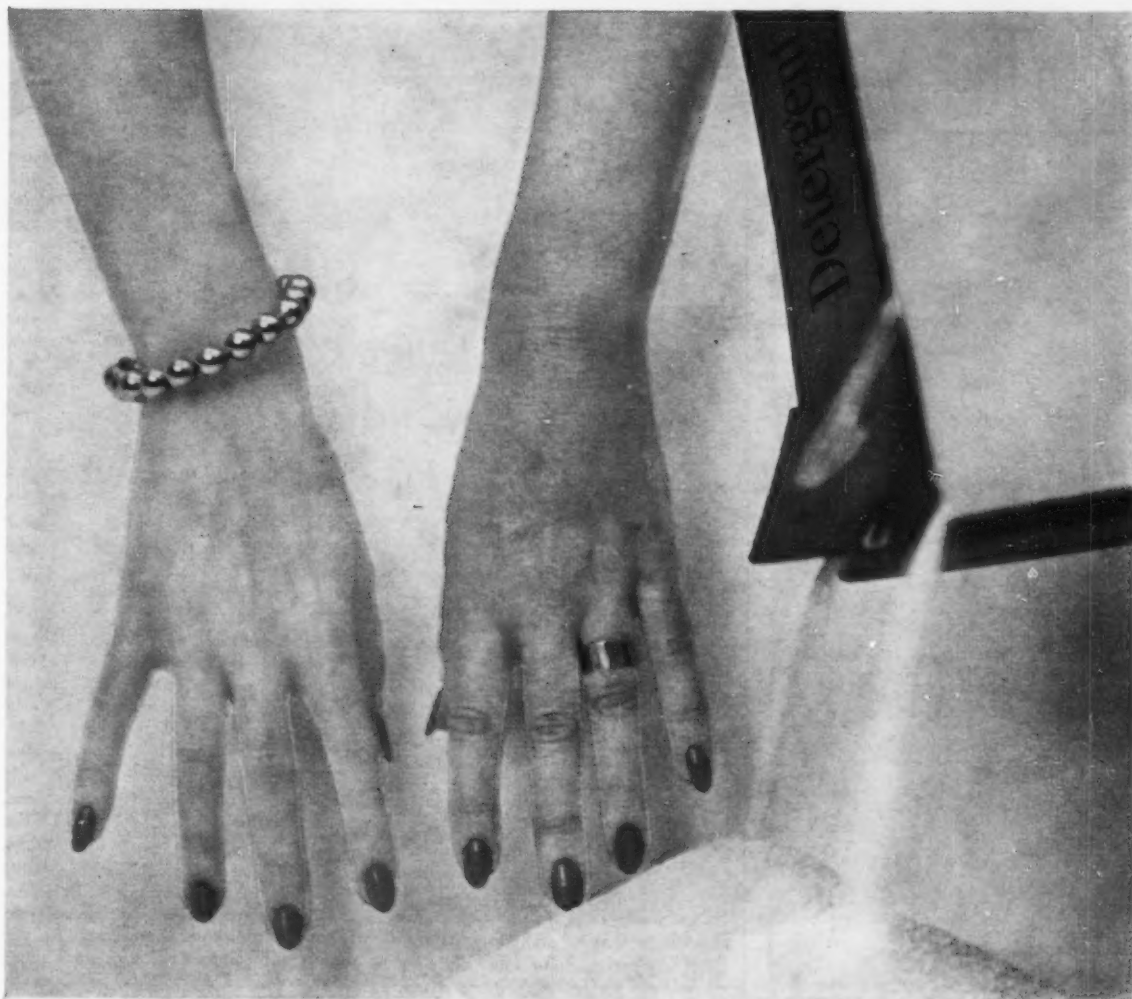
1½ pounds minced cooked ham	2 teaspoons prepared mustard
3 tablespoons minced sweet pickle	1 egg, well beaten
	¼ cup cream or mayonnaise

Mix all ingredients together and use to fill rolls.

HAMBURG FILLING

1½ pounds lean hamburger	¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup chopped onion	¼ cup chopped parsley
2 tablespoons fat	¼ cup grated cheese
3 tablespoons flour	¼ cup ketchup or chili sauce
2 teaspoons salt	

Brown the hamburger and onion lightly in the fat in a skillet. Break the meat up with a fork and stir several times during the cooking. Stir in the remaining ingredients and cook 5 minutes on low heat. Cool to lukewarm before filling sandwich rolls. +



These are Beth Anderson's hands. They were soaked in detergents. Her right hand alone was treated with Jergens Lotion. Look at the dramatic difference! *This photograph is unretouched.*

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WHY I HATE WIVES

Continued from page 11

decided that very few match-making wives are any use to single girls. They play the game for their own enjoyment, not because they really want to help.

Most of the men to whom wives have introduced me make their own husbands look good. And perhaps that's their function. If this theory is correct, the most functional of all is the oh-so-gay-man-from-out-of-town. I've been recruited for many a hilarious outing with this type. I haven't always been grateful to the wives who arranged them. I have an especially clear recollection of one such evening.

I had been invited to round out a party that was observing the last throes of a convention. My date had gone to school some years before with the husband of a friend of mine. Her husband remembered, she said, what a cut-up the fellow was in college.

Having met a few cut-ups in my own student days, I should have known better.

He called me "Tootsie" because, he said, I was "a good kid" and my own name was too long. He regarded dancing as primarily a means to meeting people. In conversation, he leaned heavily on recollections of practical jokes he had planned and carried out. In emphasizing their high points, he spilled drinks and cigarette ashes, slapped his thigh and my left shoulder and caused conversation at neighboring tables noticeably to pall. His name was Harry.

That Harry certainly knew how to have fun. My friend, the wife of his friend, made this observation in the ladies' room where I had retreated to lick my wounds and wring out my dress. Later, when I disagreed with Harry's suggestion that he and "this little girl" should "close up some more clubs" she was plainly disappointed in my attitude toward fun.

"For heaven's sake," she hissed, "Harry's a nice decent guy. Why don't you go out and have a good time?"

Her attitude seemed to suggest that my refusal was due to a complexity of girlish inhibitions instead of being derived, simple and directly, from boredom. Like most wives I've known, she had peculiar ideas about the social life of single girls.

Socially, single girls are sorted by wives into two groups. Either they're *femmes fatales* and close kin to street-walkers or they're so inhibited as to prefer a good book to a real boy. It is easy, I have discovered, to become a *femme fatale* in the eyes of married friends. You need merely to live alone—and like it.

When husbands are present, single women are all *femmes fatales*. This can be confusing to a girl like myself who is used to being classified by wives as incorrigibly unfeminine. One of my friends once listed for me in detail the qualities that her husband dislikes in women. Short hair, opinions, tailored clothes and fingernail-biting are some I remember. I lacked few of the qualities on her list. Clearly she could leave her husband and me together in an igloo during the whole of an Arctic winter without putting strains on her marriage. Yet she declines to leave us alone at a dinner table for long enough to make

coffee. She pops into the room a moment after she's left to inquire whimsically: "And what are you two plotting?"

Sometime I am not going to resist the temptation to reply whimsically: "We're trying to figure out how to dispose of the bodies of you and the children. Then we're off to Mexico."

A single woman friend of mine has a formula for getting along with wives in their own homes. A visit to a married couple she refers to as "slob night." This name is derived from the fact that she always looks like one on those occasions. She says it's rather pleasant not to bother with much make-up. Moreover, it's an opportunity to wear that awful dress which is too good to throw out.

Appearance is, of course, only a part of her performance. My friend's behavior is also carefully stylized. Her first rule is never to talk about her job. The wives aren't interested. What they enjoy is a discussion of the babies upstairs, the streak the dry cleaner left on the broadloom and the ridiculous people next door.

My friend admits to a small flaw in her formula. It works so well that some of the husbands can't stand her around.

At parties where most of the couples are married it takes a remarkably enterprising maiden to run amuck. She is protected from herself by the North American convention that separates the sexes (after marriage) on all social occasions. The fact that she's unmarried doesn't exempt a girl from duty in the wives' corner.

I've spent many evenings huddled with the wives. There's a fairly predictable pattern for such entertainment. If I'm not known to the wives, I'm usually interrogated briefly before being moved out of the conversation. Among friends, I can be ignored from the outset.

The wives are not downright rude. They ignore you by talking to you about subjects that you're unqualified to discuss.

And they are free with information. At a single party last week I learned, for example, that seven-year-old Betty Biggs is getting her tonsils out in three days and that she isn't at all afraid. The son of another woman was quite sick but brave about the loss of his tonsils several years ago. He had a general anesthetic; Betty will probably have a "local."

At this point I remarked that I'd had my tonsils out twice. I consider this to be rather distinguished of me. But the ladies weren't interested even in the quips I'd delivered to the doctor at my second operation or the shambles I'd made of the operating room. "It's always difficult when you're older," they told me firmly. And switched to another topic.

Although they ranged over a wide variety of subjects, from the price of place mats at suburban bazaars to the living-room color scheme chosen by a woman who was not there, I listened in vain for another gambit on which to swing into the conversation.

Christmas parties are another matter. At these the single working girl must be especially circumspect. This is office-party time and wives tend to suspicion. And usually they're suspicious of the wrong girls.

In their view, it's the voluptuous office blonde who is most likely to get a husband behind the filing cabinets and

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persuade him to devote the Christmas-stockings money to a night on the town. This girl probably does have a date after the party but it's with her own boyfriend, not somebody else's husband. It's the pale little girl, whom nobody notices during the year, who blooms into bright-eyed understanding womanhood during the course of an office party.

These types are recognizable to the most inexperienced working woman. What some girls don't recognize is the type of wife who enjoys tormenting herself with the idea of her husband's unfaithfulness. This sort will almost certainly try to create trouble for someone (curiously, the victim is rarely the husband). One of my friends belongs to the self-torturer type. On New Year's Eve, 1953, she pushed me under the mistletoe with her husband and blamed me throughout 1954 for doing what I was forced into.

Don't Parade Your Children

The unmarried woman who gets through the holidays without alienating any of her married friends may believe that she can henceforth cope with any problem wives put in her way. This only means she has never dealt with the mother-wife combination.

The attitude of mothers toward women who aren't is a mixture of compassion and contempt. They would feel much the same way about a person who had never bothered to go to school. Getting along with this attitude, which lasts from the time women beget their own until they're great-grandmothers, unmarried women are obliged to acquire a kind of patience and forbearance that is very nearly superhuman.

Mothers never learn that their children aren't infinitely interesting to other people. I try to be grateful for their colloquial treats as I try to get along with their children. It doesn't do a girl any good to be looked on as a harpy with whom small children aren't safe. But I submit that mothers are unreasonable to expect any adult not to be bored by small children after a few minutes in their company. Besides being tiresome, the mother's behavior is in bad taste. After all, a woman who has a pink mink doesn't parade her possession of it in the presence of friends who are making do with tweed.

The single girl expects, of course, to pay some notice to her friends' children. She knows she's supposed to say nice things about them. Sometimes this is easy. But with babies, particularly small ones, I often find myself groping for the acceptable word or phrase. A thoughtful friend of mine helped me with this problem. He describes all babies as "appealing" and since he doesn't say to what they appeal, he never feels hypocritical and the mothers are happy.

At this point, some wives may ask: If we're so unpleasant why expose yourself to our company? If we're your problem you can solve it easily by ignoring it and us.

Such a course is impractical. As long as marriage is a popular institution wives will be with us and in large numbers. Like the weather, their behavior sometimes seems deplorable but like the weather, they must be coped with.

Perhaps the only way to avoid being bored by wives is to become one. +

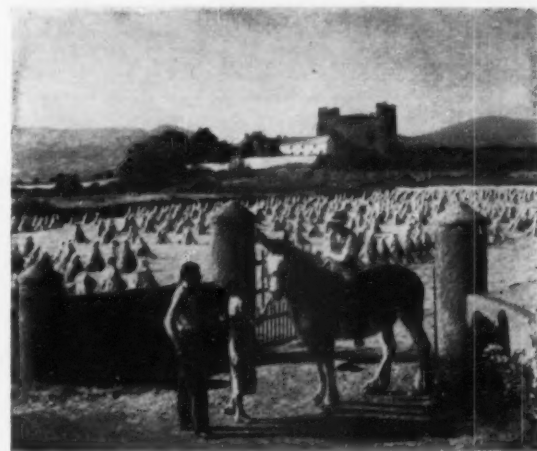


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COME TO BRITAIN

CHATELAINE MEALS OF THE MONTH

March

Pick-me-ups for March menus—
any one or all of the Fifty Family
Favorites beginning on page 22

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER		BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
THU 1	Orange Juice Oatmeal Porridge Toast Coffee	Jam Cocoa	Italian Spaghetti Bread Sticks Fruit Cup Cookies Milk Tea	TUE 20	Apple Sauce Poached Eggs on Whole-wheat Toast Coffee	Diced Pork and Rice Curry Chutney Canned Plums Macaroons Coffee Tea	Grilled Minute Steaks French Fried Potatoes Mashed Turnips Fruit Trifle Coffee Tea
FRI 2	Prunes with Lemon Ready-to-eat Cereal Poached Eggs Coffee	Salmon Salad Whole-wheat Bread Canned Pears Frosted Gingerbread Milk Tea	Tomato Cocktail Cheese Souffle Spinach Cole Slaw Deep Apple Pie Coffee Tea	WED 21	Grapefruit Juice Wheat-germ Cereal Toast Coffee	Scalloped Corn with Bacon Bran Muffins Cream Cheese Strawberry Jam Coffee Tea	Fish and Chips Stewed Tomatoes Green Beans Steamed Date Pudding Foamy Sauce
SAT 3	Apple Juice Pancakes Sausages Coffee	Baked Beans Celery Hearts Rolls Sliced Oranges and Bananas Milk Tea	Veal Stew with Dumplings Lettuce Wedges Prune Sponge Custard Coffee Tea	THU 22	Blended Juices Shredded Wheat Cereal Muffins (Wed.) Coffee	Noodle and Frankfurter Casserole Raspberry Sherbet Crisp Cookies Milk Tea	Sauerkraut-stuffed Flank Steak Mashed Potato Nests Peas Baked Pears with Orange Angel Cake
SUN 4	Half Grapefruit Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee	Potato Soup Crackers Cheese Jellied Fruits Coconut Cake Milk Tea	Broiled Sirloin Steak French Fried Potatoes Broccoli Lemon Butter Ice Cream Toasted Almonds Coffee Tea	FRI 23	Stewed Apricots French Omelet Toast Coffee	Vegetable Salad Peanut Butter Sandwiches Chocolate Rennet Dessert Marshmallow Brownies Milk Tea	Baked Whitefish Dressing Parsley Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Molded Fruits Angel Cake Coffee Tea
MON 5	Tomato Juice Hot Wheat Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee	Canned Corned Beef Cabbage and Carrot Salad Bran Muffins Honey Milk Tea	Grilled Sausages Whipped Potatoes Peas with Onion Rings Creamy Rice with Syrup Coffee Tea	SAT 24	Pineapple Juice Hot Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Tomato Hamwiches† Cabbage and Carrot Slaw Marshmallow Brownies Milk Tea	Wiener Schnitzel (Veal Steak in Sour Cream) Potatoes Buttered Beets Apricot Whip Coffee Tea
TUE 6	Stewed Apricots Cereal Flakes Toast Black Currant Jam Coffee	Creamed Eggs on Toast Canned Cherries Cake (from Sunday) Milk Tea	Mock Duck (round steak with stuffing) Baked Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Apple Oatmeal Crisp	SUN 25	Orange-Grapefruit Cup Grilled Ham and Eggs Toast Coffee	Welsh Rarebit Celery Curls Chilled Canned Eggs Brownies Milk Tea	Rump Roast of Beef Browned Potatoes Glazed Carrots Mandarin's Delight† Coffee Tea
WED 7	Blended Fruit Juice Cornmeal Porridge with Chopped Dates Toast Coffee	Hot Tuna Fish on Buns Pickle Relish Apricot Cupcakes with Cream Milk Tea	Sliced Cold Mock Duck Scalloped Potatoes Baked Pepper Squash Chocolate Pudding Coffee Tea	MON 26	Apple Juice Oatmeal Porridge Toast Coffee	Hot Roast Beef Sandwiches Pickle Sliced Bananas and Cream Milk Tea	Grilled Liver and Onions Creamed Potatoes Succotash Fresh Jelly Roll Coffee Tea
THU 8	Mixed Vegetable Juice Ready-to-eat Cereal Toast Coffee	Cream of Pea Soup Tomato Jelly Salad Applesauce Scones Milk Tea	Pot Roast of Beef Boiled Potatoes Turnips Raisin Pie Coffee Tea	TUE 27	Mixed Vegetable Juices Ready-to-eat Cereal Cornmeal Muffins Coffee	Chicken (canned) à la King on Toast Points Canned Berries Date Squares Milk Tea	Shepherd's Pie Spinach Wax Beans Sliced Oranges with Coconut Jelly Roll (leftover)
FRI 9	Orange Halves Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Lima Bean Casserole Toasted Scones Canned Peaches Cheese Straws Milk Tea	Oven-fried Fish Fillets Hashed Brown Potatoes Harvard Beets Chilled Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea	WED 28	Half Grapefruit Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee	Green Rice Casserole† Brown Rolls Stewed Rhubarb Milk Tea	Sautéed Salmon Cakes Shoestring Potatoes Creamed Celery Strawberry Shortcake Coffee Tea
SAT 10	Half Grapefruit Rolled Oats Muffins Coffee	Wiener in Buns Mustard Relish Tossed Greens Vanilla Rennet with Frozen Berries Jelly Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Cold Sliced Pot Roast Mashed Potatoes Corn Steamed Fruit Pudding Caramel Sauce	THU 29	Prune Juice with Lemon Cornflakes Bacon Curls Coffee	Fruit Salad Plate with Cottage Cheese Warm Rolls Butter Tarts Milk Tea	Dressed Tenderloin Scalloped Potatoes Broccoli Lemon Butter Baked Apples Coffee Tea
SUN 11	Grape Juice with Lemon French Toast Sausages Coffee	Oyster Stew Crackers Tossed Greens Fresh Fruit Salad Date Bread Milk Tea	Individual Chicken Pies Cranberry Jelly Green Beans Cauliflower Chocolate Marshmallow Roll Coffee Tea	FRI 30	Orange Sections Bran Cereal Grilled Smoked Fish Toast Coffee	French Onion Soup Deviled Eggs with Potato Salad Hot Biscuits Maple Syrup Milk Tea	Tomato Cocktail Tuna-Noodle-Mushroom Bake Jellied Vegetable Salad Fresh Pineapple Meringue Cradle Cake†
MON 12	Blended Juices Shredded Wheat Cereal Toast Coffee	Baked Hash Creamed Onions Canned Berries Date Bread (Sunday) Milk Tea	Grilled Kidneys and Bacon Savory Rice Carrots Apple Compote Cookies Coffee Tea	SAT 31	Grapefruit Juice Hot Cereal Toasted Biscuits Black Currant Jam Coffee	Shopper's Lunch Downtown	Steak and Kidney Pie Shredded Cabbage Fried Mushrooms Rhubarb Crisp Coffee Tea
TUE 13	Tomato Juice Bread and Hot Milk Coffee Cocoa	Chili Con Carne Lettuce French Dressing Sherbet Milk Tea	Stewed Spareribs with Dumplings Spinach Parsnips Maple Cup Custards Coffee Tea				
WED 14	Stewed Figs Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee	Grilled Cheese Sandwiches Dill Pickles Half Grapefruit Milk Tea	Shoulder Lamb Chops Creamed Potatoes Minted Peas Cottage Pudding Raisin Butterscotch Sauce				
THU 15	Apple Juice Cooked Wheat Porridge Toast Coffee	Canned Luncheon Meat Fried Potatoes with Onion Fruit Cup Iced Cake (Cottage Pudding) Milk Tea	Hamburger Loaf Baked Potatoes Wax Beans Peach Cobbler Coffee Tea				
FRI 16	Sliced Oranges Grilled Kippers Toast Coffee	Spanish Omelet Waldorf Salad Sweet Rolls Milk Tea	Clam Chowder Vegetable Plate (stuffed pepper squash, broccoli, creamed onions) Lemon Meringue Pie				
SAT 17	Pineapple Juice Ready-to-eat Rice Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee	Hot Sausage Rolls Tossed Salad Grapes in Lemon Jelly Shortbread Milk Tea	Baked Stuffed Heart Scalloped Potatoes Green Cabbage Ice Cream Layer Cake Coffee Tea				
SUN 18	Ready-to-eat Cereal with Sliced Bananas Scrambled Eggs on Waffles Coffee	Crabmeat Ramekins Breadsticks Fresh Rhubarb Milk Tea	Roast Pork Loin Apple Rings Sweet Potatoes Asparagus Cherry Tapioca Cream Coffee Tea				
MON 19	Tomato Juice Oatmeal Porridge Toast Coffee	Macaroni and Cheese Celery and Carrot Sticks Apple Sauce Ginger Cookies Milk Tea	Consommé Julienne Cold Roast Pork Mashed Potatoes Mixed Frozen Vegetables Quick Caramel Pudding				

Chatelaine Recipes of the Month

† THE FIVE TOP WINNERS

These are the dishes pictured on this month's cover—the top selections in each of the five groups of Favorite Family Recipes. The recipes and those for the other forty-five prize winners in Chatelaine's annual recipe exchange begin on page 22. There's something for everyone: new and interesting cakes and small cakes, home-made bread and rolls, desserts, plain and fancy, meat and fish main courses and savory suggestions for supper dishes. You'll enjoy trying every one of these fifty winning recipes, sent in by good friends and neighbors all across the country.

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THE DAY JOHN FOLEY GOT FIRED

Continued from page 15

counted his blessings, only half-listening to Eloise.

Blessings included the house with only fifteen more years of monthly payments, three children, a blond pert wife of twenty-nine, his own reasonably healthy thirty-four-year-old body, a three-year-old car which would probably last for four more years...

It was at this point that John got off the track and started to think about his skis which he hadn't used for five years and his shotgun, which had gathered dust for about the same length of time, all because there never seemed to be any money for such luxuries any more and his vacation time was either used to work on the house or go visit grandparents. He decided this was not a good line of thought at this time and, with some effort, turned his attention to Eloise.

"Bill has been a little stinker all day," Eloise was saying. Five-year-old Bill was just getting over a very bad cold and was at that stage where he wasn't quite well enough to stay up but too frisky to be content with bed.

"Mom-me-c-c," Bill called from above, "I want to see television."

"If I have to climb those stairs one more time," Eloise said, "it will be with a hand grenade in my teeth."

"Easy, girl," John said, "I'll just turn up the heat, put a sweater on him, and bring him down." By the time this was accomplished, Eloise had moved into John's chair and collapsed.

John came back with a plan all formulated to introduce his news but Sue, who was three, had turned the living room into a sort of proving ground for her toys. She was currently interested only in those which made noise and ignored the ones which weren't loud enough.

"This has been going on since she got up from her nap," Eloise said. "If your mother ever sends anything but stuffed toys again, I'll... I can't think of anything bad enough."

"You're just tired," John said. "A good night's sleep and you'll be able to dream up something. We could record an hour of this on tape and give it to her for Christmas." Somehow his mother never did buy a toy unless it had bells or rattles or sirens.

George, their youngest, fourteen months, staggered across the room and fell in a heap. His wails rose above Sue's clatter. John picked him up.

"He's teething," Eloise said, "and he cries about everything." John quieted him, then set him on the floor. But as soon as John sat down, George crawled over and started to chew on his slipper.

"Well," John said, "I was willing to stop at two—not that Georgie isn't a drooling image of me and I'm glad we have him, but it costs so much to live these days." Now was the time to drop his little bomb.

"You are telling me," Eloise said. "I have to buy everything; I know where the money goes."

"I don't know where it goes," John said, "I just know it does. We're really going to have to tighten up for a while." He took a deep breath.

"I know," Eloise said, and she was off about a breakdown in the washing machine, a vase Sue had pushed off a table, and a quarrel with Margaret Phelan. Margaret and Dick Phelan lived three houses away and were their best friends.

"Want to patch it up?" Eloise nodded, and John picked up the phone and called the Phelans. Dick answered. "Eloise had a rough day," John said.

"So did Margaret," Dick replied. "She's practically in tears over it all. Shall we light the peace pipe?" The two women got on the phone and each insisted it was her fault. With that fixed up, the men got on again.

"I thought for a minute they were going to get in a light over whose fault it was," Dick said. "Say, I got it through the grapevine that there's a big shake-up going on at Hanley and Relatives."

"There is."

"You're safe, aren't you?"

"Nope."

"You haven't been canned yet?"

"Yep."

"That's terrible," Dick said. "I thought you were in solid with the sales manager, what's-his-name, Corey, or did he get it, too?"

"Yep."

"Well, give with the gory, ringside details, son."

"Later, Dick." There was silence for a few seconds.

"I get it. Eloise doesn't know yet. Look, let me know when we can talk, I've heard of a couple things that might come up."

"Thanks, Dick. I'll call you later." He hung up.

"Another poker party?" Eloise said.

"Dick wants me to go in with him on a steam yacht. We're going to sell the houses and move both the families on the boat. You and Margaret can drop us off at the Forty-second Street Dock every morning, have the boat all day, and pick us up again after work. Neat, huh? No more commuting."

"The last poker game you won enough for a new pair of shoes."

"It doesn't pay to win," John said. "As I remember it, we spent that fifteen dollars three or four times." He went over to Eloise and sat down on the arm of the chair and put his hand on her shoulder. "We were talking about business," he said. "Seriously, Eloise, you know how Corey brought me into the organization four years ago as his assistant—well, today Corey..."

"Daddy," Sue said, tugging at his sleeve.

"Honey," John said, "don't interrupt Daddy right now."

"But Daddy..."

"All right, what is it?" John sighed heavily.

"George looks awful red in the face."

George was red in the face because he was choking on a wheel which had come off one of the toys. They both jumped up, pounded and pried, and in a few seconds recovered the wheel. George quit crying shortly and went back to chewing on John's slipper.

"This," said Eloise, "is what I go through all day."

"I know, Eloise, it's not an easy job."

"You at least get away. You meet people and have lunches and ride the train. You have adult problems on an adult level."

"One adult problem I currently have and one you can share, have to share, is

that Hanley & Sons—"he said it hurriedly for Eloise was getting out of the chair with her purposeful, one-track look—"has seen fit to dispense with my services."

"Heavens," Eloise said, "it's almost seven and I haven't even started dinner yet." She hustled out to the kitchen, saying over her shoulder, "Go on, dear, I'm listening." John slumped down in his chair and covered his eyes with his hands. Eloise returned and said, "It's Georgie's bedtime, he ate just before you got home."

"Okay, I'll sack him up." Georgie, an amiable type, knocked off his bottle in his crib and promptly passed out, for which John was grateful. Eloise had fixed a fast dinner from the freezer and John kept the conversation light; it was better for digestion and he had also decided it was just as well if the children weren't around when he brought Eloise up-to-date on the unemployment situation. It might upset their feelings of security or something; he had a healthy respect for a child's ability to sense something was wrong, even if he couldn't understand it.

Sue was packed away with a minimum of difficulty but Bill had slept so much he wasn't at all ready for bed, so John stayed in his room and they had some "man talk."

"He's a good kid," John said when he had finally settled Bill and found Eloise in the bedroom, buttoning up a dress. "Well, well," he added, "sharpening up for the old man?"

"Not exactly. Helen called and wanted me to go to the movies with her. You don't mind, do you?"

"No, live it up." A horn tooted outside.

"That's Helen. I'll be back by ten-thirty." She gave him a quick kiss. "There was something I wanted to tell you but I can't remember what it was."

"I had something to tell you too, but I guess it can wait."

"I wonder what it was," Eloise said, as she slipped into her coat.

"It could have been to put the cat out," John said, "except we don't have a cat." She hurried out and John sighed, then went downstairs to call Dick Phelan.

How did Eloise take it?" Dick asked.

"Well," John said, "I haven't even been able to tell her yet. I didn't want to blurt it out."

"So how come the shake-up, John?"

"Well, there have been some real hassles upstairs lately, Dick, but I didn't think it would come to this. The trouble is that I was Corey's boy and Corey was old man Hanley's boy. When Hanley retired last year, Welch got the top slot instead of Corey and they've been feuding for years."

"You saw it coming then?"

"No. I figured the directors would eventually put old Welch on the sidelines and make Corey president, which would leave me sitting in a very nice position."

"Well, give me the blow by blow stuff, boy. I love these hassles."

"I don't know what went on. I got back from lunch about two-thirty and heard that Corey had quit, then Welch calls me in at three and gives me a song and dance about reducing executive personnel. I told him if Corey was out, I didn't want to stay anyway. I tried to

get in touch with Corey but he was nowhere around."

"I'll send out the word," Dick said. "We have to get you working again, it's bad for the morale to see someone else taking a vacation."

"I haven't even thought about a job because I want to see Corey first. I haven't even told Eloise yet."

"You better hurry up or she'll hear it from someone else. Why don't you come over and let me fix you a king-size blues-chaser?"

"Can't, I'm baby-sitting. Why don't you come over here? I'll have to kick you out at ten-thirty because Eloise will be home by then and I want to get this over with."

"Okay, half an hour. I'm on the beddy-bye detail."

John had just hung up when the phone rang. It was Eloise.

"On the way to the movies I suddenly remembered what I was supposed to tell you," she said. "Walter Corey called about five-thirty and wanted you to call back. The number is on the pad, his home, I guess."

"Oh, all right."

"I'm sorry I forgot but I was in such a spin."

"That's okay."

"Bye."

He called Corey immediately.

"What did you do, go out on a bat or something?" Walter Corey said.

"I waited until the kids were sacked down, Walt. Quite a rumble today, huh?"

"We had a real go-round," he said, chuckling. "I'm sorry you missed it."

"I tried to get in touch with you after lunch."

"I meant to call you, John, but I had to move fast and it's shaped up very nicely. I'm moving over to Foster and Schmidt in about two weeks. I knew this blow-up was coming and I wasn't sure I could get Welch out so I've been playing footsie with F and S for weeks. I'm going in as general manager."

"That's fine, Walt, I'm glad to hear it."

"I have a spot for you—sales manager."

"Wow!"

"The salary isn't set yet but it would be \$10,000 for sure and might even go up to \$12,500."

"Sounds good," John said, as casually as possible to offset the tremors in his hands and knees.

"You don't sound exactly ecstatic," Corey said.

"I . . . I'm afraid to say anything, Walt. I feel like someone just belted me one."

Corey chuckled, then suggested they have lunch the next day, and hung up.

John was so nervous he paced back and forth, slamming his fist in his palm, alternately swearing mildly and emitting nervous giggles. He wished Eloise were there. After a few minutes, he calmed down enough to sit in his chair and contemplate the future. It looked very nice. He was still contemplating when the doorbell rang and Dick Phelan arrived.

"I represent the Phelan Cheering-Up Service," he boomed heartily, as he took off his coat. "No job too large, no job too small. Services performed in your own home or in our large modern air-conditioned plant."

"Sorry," John said, grinning, "but



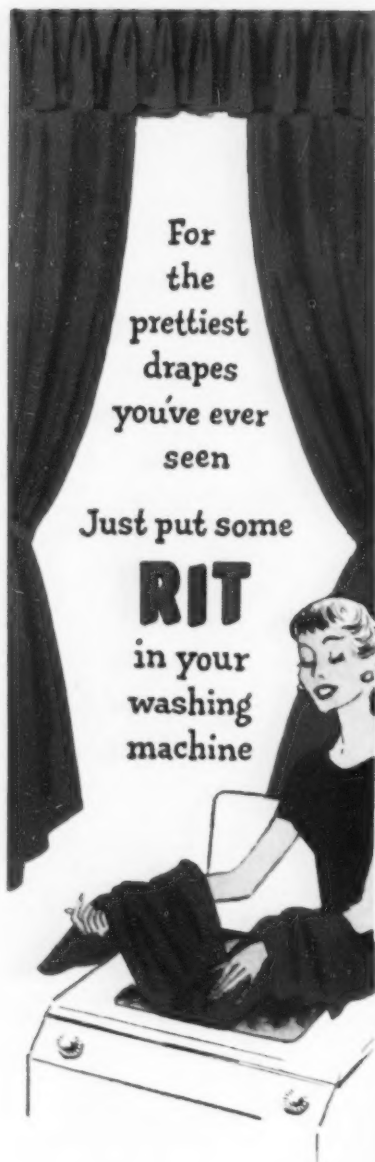
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I've already contracted for Foster and Schmidt."

"Crummy outfit. Hey, you're looking pretty cheerful."

"I just told you, I have a cheering-up service."

"You mean a job?"

"I just talked with Corey. He's going with Foster and Schmidt as general manager and he wants me for sales manager."

"This is for true?"

"I just hung up."

"Well, bless my great big baby-blue eyes," Dick said and pounded John on the back with genuine enthusiasm. "Sales manager! Man, you're good for \$30,000 a year." He quit thumping John. "Let's have a drink on it."

"Things are happening a little too fast for me," John said.

"Anyway, this solves your problem of how to tell Eloise."

"I don't know, Dick. I was thinking about this before you came. I think wives take husbands too much for granted. I meant they just expect us to come home with the pay cheque every two weeks just like they expect the sun to come up every morning."

"It's a kind of flattery," Dick said. "The little dears have faith in us."

"Okay, I'm flattered, but look at today. I come home, I've just been fired and I can't even get a chance to tell it. Eloise meets me with a case of four-wall fever, one kid is coughing, the other is teething, the third is being a brat."

"It's your own fault. You should have walked in and said, 'I got fired.'"

"But I wanted to soften the blow a little."

"The brave man does it with a machine gun," Dick said, staring into his drink as though the secret of life was about to be revealed there.

"The thing is, Dick, I suddenly got the feeling that everyone and anyone in this family is more important than me. Yet this whole setup depends on my coming home with the loot right on schedule."

"You're old-fashioned, son. You still think the father is king. Face up to it, a husband is just another household appliance."

"That's the feeling I had."

"Bring home the dough and quit spilling ashes on the rug."

"Take this child," John said in a frantic falsetto, "I can't stand him another minute."

"If you had to stay home and wash dishes and hang up diapers," Dick said in a fair imitation of Margaret.

"Helen got a new fur coat for Christmas—bleached beaver."

"I need more money for the house."

"How about 'You get away every day and meet people,' " John said, grinning. "We never go out anymore."

"And you have adult problems on an adult level." John put down his empty glass and Dick immediately filled it. "It's a subtle thing, Dick, but I don't think husbands have any status. Maybe I'm wrong."

"No, you are absolutely right."

"I come home worrying about Eloise's feelings. I could see she had a hard day and I try not to make it worse. But does she notice I've had a hard day?"

"Women," said Dick, "are egocentric, whatever that means."

"If Eloise wants something for the house, we get it, if the kids need something, they get it. But do you

know it has been four, maybe five, years since I've had a chance to go skiing?"

"Same with me, worse."

"Now a ski trip may not be the most important thing in the world and the kids do come first, but I like to ski and I never get to go anymore."

"You can take a lot of lumps," Dick agreed, "if only you have something to look forward to. We ought to form a union."

"Appreciate Your Husband Month."

"John," Dick said, snapping his fingers, "I wish I were in your spot. You have the perfect setup to educate Eloise. Tell her you're fired, see, but don't mention the new job. Boom! It'll hit her right between the eyes that it is Old John who keeps this operation oiled."

"Hmmm," said John.

"And I'll bet that once Old John starts coming home with the mazoos again, Old John will get a little more attention around here. Furthermore, Old Dick will make sure Old Margaret gets educated too, if only second hand."

"You," John said, "are a very shifty type."

"But good, though," Dick said, "you gotta admit I'm good."

John was seated in his favorite chair staring at the wall when Eloise came home. She hung up her coat and sat down on the sofa across from him.

"It was a terrible movie," she said. "I think Helen only went so she could show off her bleached beaver."

"Ummm," John said, not looking up. "You look down. Did you have a hard day?"

"Yes, in fact I had a terrible day. In fact . . ."

"Helen told me some real juicy gossip about the Swansons . . ."

"In fact," John said, "it was the worst day I've ever had."

" . . . do you remember that cousin of hers, that blonde you said was so stacked, well . . ."

"Look," John said loudly, "do you want to hear about my hard day at the office?" Eloise was startled by the tone of his voice.

"Why, of course, dear, what happened?" She put her hands in her lap and assumed a listening pose, but her eyes had a rather distant look and John knew she was thinking of the Swansons' cousin. Up until that moment, he wasn't sure he would follow Dick's suggestion.

"I got fired," he said bluntly.

Eloise sat very still, her eyes lost their distant look. After about five seconds, she stood up and came toward him slowly.

"So Welch beat out Corey after all?" she said, putting her arms around his neck and sliding onto his lap like a large Persian cat. She gave him a squeeze.

"You mean you actually thought it might happen?" said John, returning the squeeze rather absent-mindedly.

"Of course, dope!" she giggled. "You think I'm deaf and dumb? If I sound slap-happy about it, it's pure hysteria."

"I felt the same way."

"When did it happen, John?"

"About three this afternoon."

"And you've been sitting on it all this time? Why didn't you tell me?"

"I wanted to call you right away, Ellie, but I thought it wasn't fair. Then I got home and you seemed so upset, I kept trying to find an easy way to say it."

"I was feeling sorry for myself, it



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didn't mean a thing. Golly, this staggers me."

"Me too," John said. He found himself watching Eloise with a certain clinical detachment as he toted up her reactions. He felt vaguely uncomfortable about his deception but this didn't prevent him from probing. He asked what she was thinking.

"Oh, of all the things I bought recently that we didn't really need—the new drapes, the hall rug, that set of dishes—I'll take back what I can."

"I guess we'll have to cut corners until I'm located again," John said.

"We'll cut corners on the corners. I can do without the cleaning woman and we'll get the washing machine repaired instead of buying a new one."

"Oh, were we buying a new one?"

"I hadn't suggested it yet but I was going to. Do you think we should sell the car? It's only a few blocks to the station and the stores."

"I think we can keep it."

"And we can take the children out of nursery school."

"But they enjoy it so much."

"Have you seen our bank balance lately?—four hundred and ninety-three dollars."

"I should get some kind of a job pretty soon."

"But you shouldn't take any old job." Eloise said. "Getting fired can be a good thing. Now you can take your time and get something you really like to do."

"Four hundred and ninety-three dollars," John said.

"We have more than that, honey. We have at least five one-hundred-dollar bonds and we can borrow on the car and your life insurance. Both our parents would kick through with something."

"No borrowing from parents," John said, "especially yours."

"We'll eat spaghetti and hamburger and day-old bread. I can cut the budget in half. I know I spend too much at times but I always felt you deserve a good dinner when you get home. I mean you're the one who has to get out and hustle every day."

"You're not exactly goofing off."

"It's different," Eloise said. "I can fudge. If I don't want to clean the living room or something, it'll wait a day but you have to be on the ball all the time. I used to be a business gal, remember?" She got off his lap and found her purse, dug around, and came out with a bankbook which she handed to him. It was in his name and the total was \$189.73.

"More resources," John said. "Where did you get this?"

"It was supposed to be a surprise."

"I'm surprised."

"Every time I had a little left over from the budget, I socked it away. It was going to be a Christmas present."

"That's a lot of ties," John said, grinning to cover the emotion he felt.

"I thought you could use it to go on a ski trip this winter. I know you love to ski and somehow there's never the money or the time."

"Well, it wasn't so important," John said. The chair suddenly felt extremely uncomfortable and he shifted uneasily.

"I got to worrying about what you were getting out of this marriage except mortgages and bills," Eloise said. John pulled her down on his lap.

"You," he said, kissing her soundly,

"are a little schemer." He felt so warm and loving right then he almost blurted out the news about his new job. Fortunately, he didn't, it would have spoiled everything. "I talked with Corey," he said instead. "Walter thinks he might have something hot."

"Don't take it unless you want it. I'll bet we could hang on for six months if we had to."

"We'll make it," John said with conviction.

"Sure we will," Eloise said with just

as much conviction and they sat necking like a couple of kids.

"Say," John said, "I ought to get fired more often."

"How about a cup of tea?" Eloise said. "My mother met every crisis that way."

"Fine and maybe a cookie or something."

He watched Eloise walk into the kitchen and right there decided that as soon as he finished lunch with Walter Corey the next day, he would call Eloise

and tell her about the new job he had.

And then he would call Dick Phelan. He didn't know quite what he would say to Dick but somehow he would get it across that it wasn't Eloise who had been educated. It was Old John.

He got up to go to the kitchen and the bankbook fell on the floor. He picked it up and looked at the figures, \$189.73. It would be nice to go skiing again. But on the other hand, that would just about pay for the storm windows they needed. +

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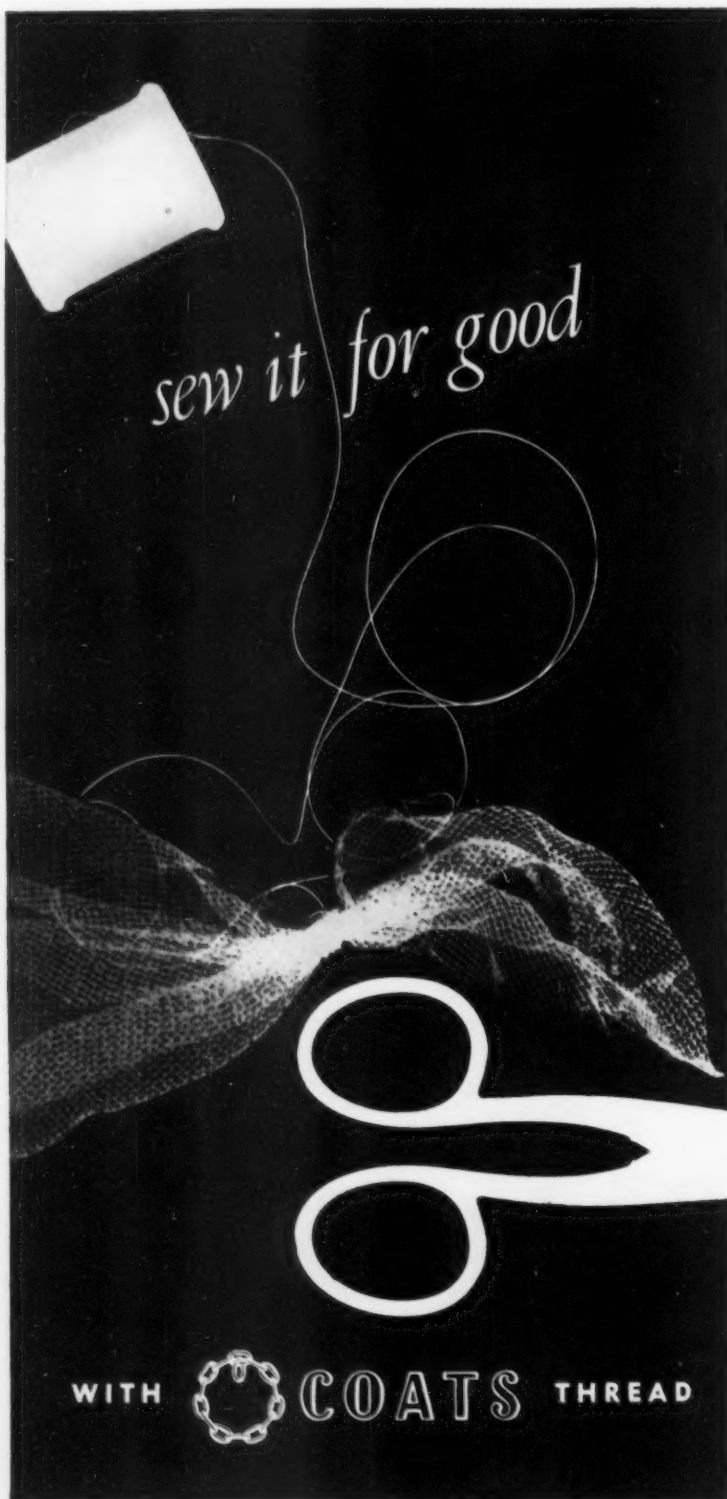
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HOW CALEDON EAST GOT A DOCTOR

Continued from page 13

enthusiastic. Bruce MacNamara, the broiler grower, recalled the last time Caledon East had dealt with the government. Four years before, when the Canadian National Railways removed its stationmaster from Caledon East and didn't replace him, the community sent a delegation to protest. Righteously irritable, the delegation had prepared a long list of reasons why Caledon East needed a stationmaster. But the CNR was "very cute." Before the delegation had even sat down the railway authorities asked how its members had traveled to the city. With that the interview was over. They had come in cars.

The questions asked by the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation were equally tiresome. "Too much red tape," Jim Berney growled. So the committee went back to the idea of collecting the money from the townspeople themselves. It was decided that the Chamber of Commerce should issue twenty-five-dollar bonds to bear interest at two percent per annum beginning March 1, 1956, and payable on February 28, 1966. Five thousand dollars was settled on as the minimum for getting the project under way. The remainder was to be raised later during construction.

By the end of the first week in June, the committee had interviewed the first of a half dozen doctors contacted through the Ontario Medical Association. By the end of July, they had their doctor. "We got him on our own," the committee members recollect smugly. The president of the chamber, Bill Cannon, was in Toronto at the hundredth anniversary celebrations of the Masonic Grand Lodge (of Ontario). There he met a friend, Wes Clark, who said his son-in-law, Dr. Bill Friend, had an assistantship in a Toronto suburb but

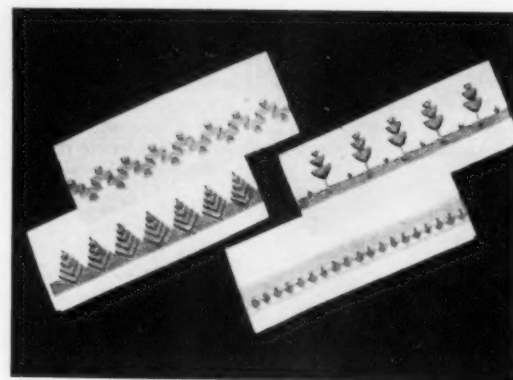
wanted a country practice. Mr. Clark had an aunt in Caledon East. Promptly his son-in-law was interviewed and passed by the Caledon East committee. He liked the village and when he came November 1, it seemed likely he would stay.

Meanwhile, his future patients were busy on his house. Walter Smith, a commuter to the A. V. Roe aircraft plant at Malton, when asked to sell a lot for the doctor's house, preferred to donate it. Art Ebdon and John Naylor, local builders, contracted to do the skilled work on the house at cost and to contribute the paint job, inside and out. Wherever practicable, they were helped by volunteer workers. Wilson Bowles donated the excavation work and Russ Mason, the well. The doctor and his wife, in consultation with a Brampton architect, settled on a split-level design, sixty-three feet by twenty-eight feet, with living rooms at the side, four bedrooms and bathrooms over the doctor's office and a spacious recreation room, together with utility rooms, in the basement. The finished house, anyone in Caledon East will testify, is "worth thirty thousand dollars in Toronto."

Since his own house was incomplete when the doctor moved his wife and young Bill into the community, a furnished house several miles from the village, owned by a summer resident, was provided rent-free and the doctor was found temporary office quarters in what used to be the Imperial Bank building. At the end of his first year in practice, the doctor will buy the house at what it cost his patients to build it.

Meanwhile, Dr. Friend's waiting room is full during office hours and his green 1952 Studebaker is a familiar sight on the village streets and country roads, as he makes his calls. The doctor's vivacious blond wife, Wilma, who is also a graduate of the University of Toronto (Victoria College and the School of Social Work), is already a well-known and popular member of the community. "Yes, the Friends are fitting in very

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well," Mrs. G. F. Myers, the wife of the lamented stationmaster, volunteers, "They're young and peppy."

For their part, the Friends are finding Caledon East a good place to live in. They're accustomed to and enjoy a small community: Bill Friend grew up in Tillsonburg, his wife in Scotland, both small towns in Ontario. When her son is a little older, Wilma will probably join the women's groups of the United Church, of which the Friends are members, as well as the Home and School Association, the Mothers' Auxiliary of the Scouts and Girl Guides, and the Women's Institute. Her sandy-haired, soft-spoken husband will probably have little time left over from "doctoring" for community organizations.

The Friends are appreciative of what the community has done for them. The tall young doctor "is not much of a talker," his new neighbors agree. But his wife, Wilma, candidly tells how they "couldn't believe there was such a setup as this, that people would go to so much trouble." She admits, "It would have been ages before we had the combination house and office provided for us here."

The citizens of Caledon East seem unimpressed with their enterprise. They needed a doctor so they worked together to get one. Their story is as simple as that. But an outsider can see obstacles that should have stopped their enterprise before it got under way.

There are a lot of newcomers in the community who came from as far away as Sydney, N.S., and Shaunavon, Sask. They and the citizens whose roots are deep in the Caledon hills don't immediately mix. "All the old-timers are related," Tom Evans, an old-timer himself, cheerfully remarks from a chair by the window of his real-estate office. The newcomers aren't quite as cheerful when they tell about how long they've been newcomers. "We've only lived here eleven years," one woman remarked. Another woman commented: "You don't dare talk about one person to another here; you're almost sure to be talking about a cousin or an aunt or an uncle."

Yet the newcomers and the old-timers, the local merchants and the commuters did get together to "study the doctor question."

Having got together to acquire a doctor, the community now is turning its attention to other needs. Bill Cannon puts the incorporation of the village as the Chamber of Commerce's next assignment. Morley Hall's wife, recalling her fall into an open drain on the main street last September when the street lights were out, expects her husband to campaign for a few other projects first.

But the conversation around the stove in Bill Cannon's general store or down the road in Jim Berney's hardware-post office or at the bingos in the Legion Hall still gets around to the community's prize possession—its doctor.

Although they worked hard to get him, they know they're fortunate to have him. Murray Nelson tells about his cousin in Alberta who had to take his wife twenty-five miles in sub-zero weather to Empress when her baby was due. They remember the man on the outskirts of town who was dead of a heart attack hours before the doctor nine miles away could leave his own patients and come to Caledon East one night last August. And they admire the small sign across the way that says, "W. R. Friend, MD." ♦

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brings you a bunch of
flowers and a new spinner game

To bring the spring just a little closer I thought that this month we could make a big pot of flowers. I've told you before how much I like flowers and I hope you like making these.

You will need some milk-bottle caps, paper baking cups, the little cups that chocolates come in and some tiny foil tart tins, a piece of corrugated cardboard and some pipe cleaners. I will show you how I have used some of these and you can have fun thinking up other ways to use them.

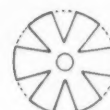
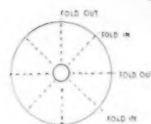
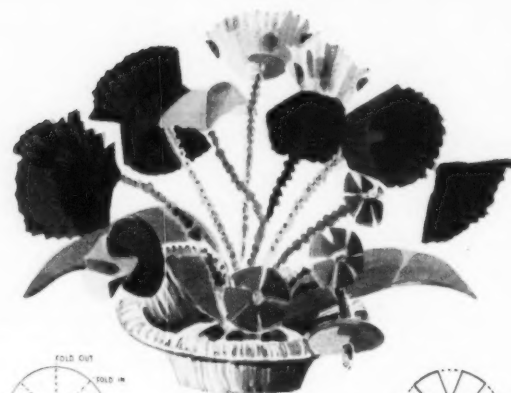
Cut deep Vs around the outside of the milk-bottle cap. Paint it a nice bright color both sides. Push a pipe cleaner through a hole in the centre and you have your first flower.

Fold a bottle cap as shown to make still another flower. If you combine this folded one with a flat cap you will have still another kind.

Baking cups are almost flower shapes just the way they are. Fasten them to a pipe cleaner the same way you did the bottle caps. Turn one cup one way and another the opposite way for another kind. Two or three cups put on one pipe cleaner and then bunched up at the centre make a very pretty flower too.

I'm sure you don't have to be told that you can do the same with chocolate papers and the tart tins too.

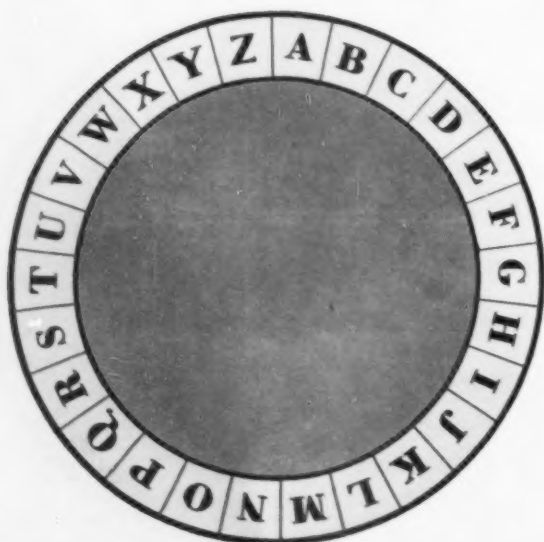
To make leaves, cut shapes from corrugated cardboard with the little bumps running the long way of the leaf. Push a pipe cleaner through the ridge that is in the centre of your leaf and paint it green. Put the end of the pipe cleaner in a lump of plasticine and it will stand up very nicely in a pot or vase.



Remember the word game we played once changing one word to another by changing just one letter at a time?

Well here are some others for you:

SHOE	BUT	COLD	MELT
----	---	----	----
----	---	----	----
BOOT	---	----	----
	---	----	----
	AND	WARM	----
			SNOW



Now here's a game to mount on cardboard and cut out. Put the spinner on a thumbtack that has been pushed up through the centre of the big disc. Here is how you play. Each player in turn spins and writes down the letter that is shown at the end of the spinner. This is continued until a word can be formed from the letters that have been won. These words are written down and of course the letters used are crossed off the list. The players keep spinning to get more letters to form new words. The game is over when someone can make the word CHATTY. To score count one point for each word made, with a bonus of three for the one who made CHATTY. The winner is the one with the highest number of points.

That's all for now, see you very soon.
Your friend,

Chatty

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WHY YOU BORE YOUR HUSBAND

Continued from page 21

Young people sitting around with nothing to do are more likely to get into mischief and real trouble than youngsters who are busy creating a world of their own even if it is in the greasy innards of a hotrod. These youngsters aren't bad—they're bored.

Many of us, and naturally I exclude the mothers of young children, work about forty hours a week. We spend another ten or eleven sleeping and eating each day and probably an hour to an hour and a half getting to and from our jobs. That leaves us thirty to forty hours a week, in the evenings and on week ends, when we are thrown entirely on our own resources to fill a most important part of our lives. It is within these thirty hours that the real quality, the bouquet, if you like, of a marriage is created.

I said at the beginning that this problem of boredom is baffling and it is difficult to try and help anyone who is bored because the motivation must come from within. In the case of the person who has few inner resources the task of getting them to enjoy their leisure time is a considerable one. Of course, for the man or woman who has, through a skill of their own or an activity shared with their partner in marriage, the problem is a self-liquidating one. As soon as you begin the fascinating game of creating new worlds within the familiar one around you these worlds grow with your skill and your interest. People who learn this as children aren't bored to the day they die.

But I've been talking mostly theory here. Theory is fine but how do you apply it? It is life that is the tough part. Let's take a look at a case that came to me at the family court not long ago. Like so many wives who come to the court this woman's complaint was that she was bored to death with her marriage. She was only nineteen; her husband was twenty-seven. They had two small children. Her own solution was direct and to the point.

"I want a month's holiday away from the kids, from him and everything," she said firmly.

I tried to find out what kind of life they lived.

"My husband is in the boy scouts," she said. "He has one night at that. He goes two nights to the Legion and then in the baseball season every time he's off he's at a game. I'm home with



Why your child needs your help when pimples strike

by MARCELLA HOLMES
NOTED BEAUTY AUTHORITY

(former beauty editor of "Glamour" magazine)

Of all the mail that reaches a beauty editor's desk, there is none so urgent as letters from adolescent girls with pimples. That's why I want to alert mothers to the double dangers of this problem. Specialists warn that pimples undermine poise and self-confidence, can cause permanent damage to a child's personality. And everyone knows that acne-type pimples, if neglected, can leave permanent scars on the skin.

Is there a way you can help your child? Yes, thanks to CLEARASIL, a mod-

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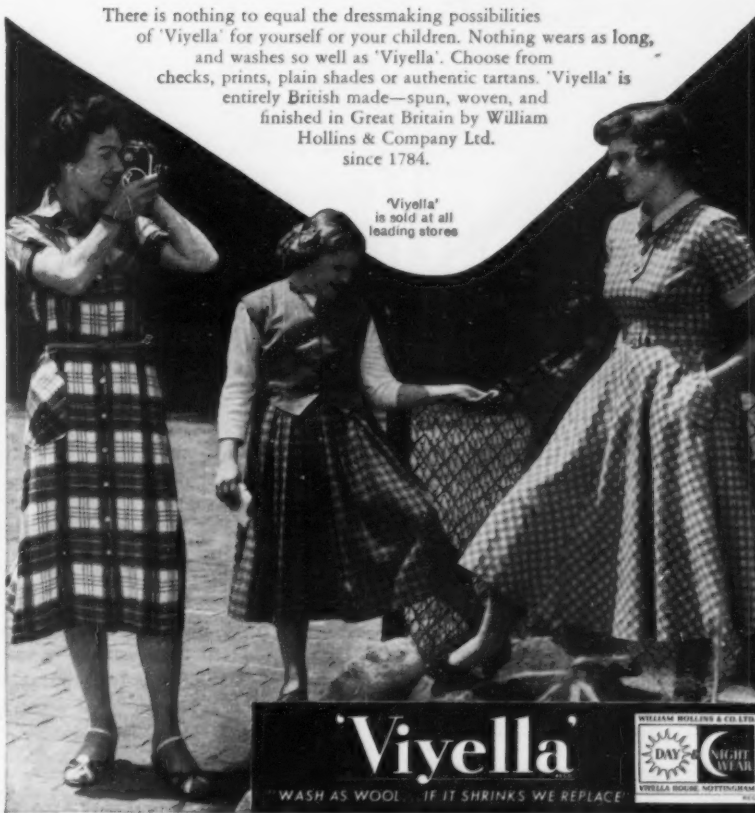
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the kids all day and I can't go out at night."

"Why not?"

"For one thing, baby sitters cost too much. For another, I want to go out and dance, and my husband won't dance. I hate Bingo—all the women are twenty years older than I. All I want is a month—there's no other man—just to do what I like."

I asked if they quarreled.

"No we never fight. We never see enough of each other to start a fight," she said.

I also discovered she never reads, she can't sew and her cooking skill is limited to ordinary dishes. She isn't interested in music. All she likes to do for relaxation is dance. In other words she has practically no inner resources. How can you help a person like that?

I told her husband: "For three nights a week in the winter and at least five nights a week in the summer you are out with the boys doing exactly what you want to do. You can at least help your wife enjoy herself, too. Have you ever tried to teach her what baseball is all about? Take her to a game and try to get her interested."

"Also, you have these two evenings at the Legion. There are some times dances at the Legion, I understand. If you expect your wife to watch baseball you will have to learn how to dance."

"The two of you will have to ask yourselves what you would like to do together. Your wife doesn't like movies. You'll have to find another interest you can share."

He loved his wife. He would even try to learn to dance. I explained to him that he had to do something to help this girl because she was desperate with boredom, and she had little ability to amuse herself. In fact, in her excess of boredom she was prepared to go away for a month and spend her time going to dance halls with her girl friends, a very dangerous pastime for any young girl, even the mother of two children.

Most married couples have more to work with than these people. But even a bright brain, a good education and money are no bulwarks against boredom

in themselves. I'm treating another young couple who have, on the surface, everything to keep them devoted to each other and fascinated with life.

He's a professional man and for many years he and his wife worked hard to build up his practice. She did his office work and found time to bear him a couple of lovely children. Now, he's making about a thousand dollars a month and they have a new home. And they're bored to death with each other.

During those years of struggle his work was the great interest which bound them close in their leisure hours. Their talk was mostly about what they would do when they had made the grade. Now she is at home all the time, and he says all she can talk about is the new drapes or how Mrs. Blodgett next door doesn't wrap her garbage properly. He seems to think that giving her the money for these drapes wraps up his responsibility. But she would like him to show an interest in their home, the way they used to talk things over only a couple of years ago.

Children aren't enough, important as they are, to keep a man and woman close together and to provide them with an adequate common interest. As for talking to children themselves, I think any intelligent adult is bored stiff with a child after fifteen minutes. If the child is your own the time could be longer, of course.

How can this couple be helped? Their problem is basically no different from that of the couple I mentioned earlier. They both need outside interests, in which they participate either as spectators or as manipulators. In both these areas they should have skills or hobbies which they can perform alone and others which they share. And just about everything they do can be shared through conversation. How many times have wives said to me, "He never talks to me any more."

Too often husbands and wives save their best talk for company. Believe me, this conversational small change brings much better dividends when it's spent right at home. Husbands and

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WIZARD WICK DEODORIZER

wives should become accomplished gossip and train themselves to select the most interesting, yes, the spiciest items from the day to talk about. (Just to clarify a point, in my own definition gossip is that harmless social exercise we all indulge in, a good deal of the time, talking about other people. I don't think of gossip as being necessarily synonymous with slander.)

A man should be allowed to talk about his office. He needs the chance to make himself sound a little better, a little bigger than he actually was downtown. His wife may not know a debenture from an inventory but she should recognize that this kind of talk has high therapeutic value for him. And of course, there's no reason why he shouldn't try to make his shop talk as interesting as possible.

Watching television alone is a non-social spectator hobby. Watching it with your wife makes it a social exercise. Playing bridge is a social hobby while stamp collecting or woodworking is clearly a nonsocial hobby. A couple needs to have both—hobbies you do alone and hobbies you share. My wife and I always watch the World Series together. We've learned the game together and know enough about it so that for a week a year we share this experience. However, we're still a little puzzled by the infield fly rule.

Women tell me that they are bored because they have to keep house all day. They seem to resent the fact that their husbands lead what they consider to be fascinating lives in the city. I say to them, "Wasn't there something you did pretty well when you were younger and before you got so involved in this business of running a house?" Perhaps she used to play the piano fairly well. Take it up again, I tell her. Take lessons. Well, she isn't sure that she can spare the time. I may suggest at this point that perhaps she is too good a housekeeper. Let a little dust gather while you get out and regain a skill that once gave you pleasure and can give it to you again. It's surprising how well it works once she starts to practice and finds how much satisfaction she can get from her playing.

And then there's reading—intelligent reading. This is something a husband and wife can do together. Try picking a subject, say the American Civil War or perhaps Africa, and read according to a plan that includes biography, history and novels. Then you start to build an inexpensive library as your interest and your horizons stretch out.

Social life is a wonderful weapon against boredom. Most married people after about ten years find they know only three or four couples they see again and again. There should be many more, many more people you probably don't

see so frequently but you do keep in touch with. A couple should plan some social activity every week if it's only having someone in for the evening to play cards or just talk.

The husband should take the lead in this. He should see that his wife gets out once a week or at least sees people that often socially. In coping with boredom in a marriage I feel that the greater measure of responsibility lies with the husband. He is often too lazy to make the effort. Of course, he's tired

after a day at the office but the effort he makes to go out with his wife is well worth-while. She is probably tired, too, but they will both be stimulated and refreshed by the experience. They need to see other people.

When you look around you it seems incredible that anyone should be bored these days with so much to do, so much to be done. Any Canadian town of any size is teeming with clubs and societies and hobby groups, many of them associated with the church itself.

And yet for many people boredom will for a long time, anyway, be a real, a terrible burden. There's the almost unconquerable boredom that comes from living in poor and crowded tenements; there's the boredom that comes from never getting away from the job of caring for small children because there just isn't enough money for a baby sitter. Slum clearance would do more to relieve the burden of boredom than all the magazine articles that could be written. +



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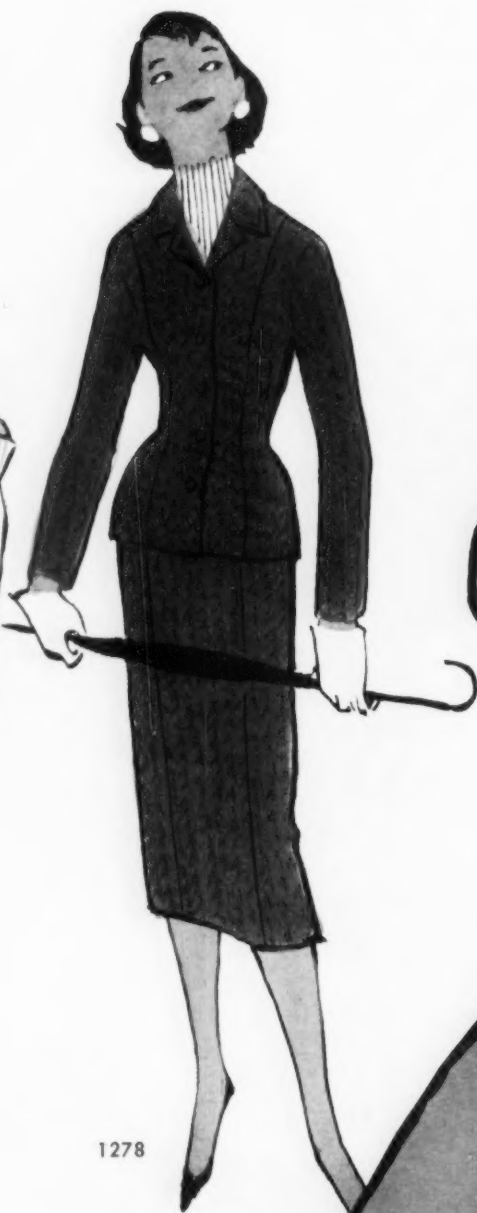
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1278

1241



PLANNING a trousseau is the chance that comes once in a lifetime, to start out almost from scratch. You can lift the cover from the sewing machine and help yourself to a wardrobe that is pretty and practical for your wedding trip, and the months that follow. These are the patterns we'd choose. Together, with the wedding dress on page 57, they add up to a closet that's full of fresh fashion news and you can make the lot for as little as ninety-five dollars. If planning a trousseau is not on your schedule, chances are that a new outfit is. Make it one of these. Each is as basic as bread and butter, as seasonable as the fabric you make it in. For tips to give your sewing a professional look, turn to page 61.



- 1223: Slip-sheath dress—good in breezeweighted tweed, wool-and-Terylene. 50c.
 1278: Suit—in tweed with Milium lining or in linen. Sizes 12-42. 50c
 1241: Shirtwaister—has no time or fabric limitations. For evening, make it in silk, taffeta, satin; for everyday, poplin, chambray, silk-and-Orlon. 35c.
 1157: Dancing or sun dress and jacket, in lace, nylon, washable cotton. 35c.
 1194: Summer or evening sheath—choose denim, linen, brocade, velvet. 35c.
 1457: Little coat-dress—timeless in flannel, alpaca, Orlon-and-wool. 35c.

All dress patterns are in sizes 11-18. Order from your Simplicity pattern dealer, or from the Pattern Department, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

continued on page 61



Now is the time to find
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fitting foursome from the

Naturalizer® Fit Parade

Shoes illustrated

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Slightly higher west of the Rockies

during March—at your Naturalizer dealer

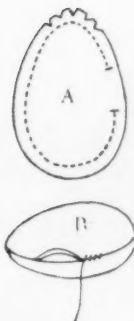


Naturalizer Division of Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, has been making Naturalizers in the United States for over 25 years. For your nearest Naturalizer dealer, write Naturalizer Division, Perth Shoe Company Limited, Perth, Ontario.

the shoe with the beautiful fit

The Professional Way

Sewing can so easily be a trial or a triumph, depending upon the time and the trouble you take. These are the details which, given the care and attention they deserve, will lift your sewing from the bunched realms of the amateur into the sleek class of the professional



Pressing . . . Neglect this, and your smooth, professional finish flies out of the window. It is essential to press each seam and dart as you go along. Press only the section on which you are working, and use a steam iron (if you have one) or a moderately warm iron with a damp press cloth of double cheesecloth. Invest in a sleeveboard and a ham or curved pad to press all curved sections—darts, side-seam curve, armhole seam, etc. You can make the curved pad quite simply by cutting two ovals, 9 by 12 inches, of unbleached muslin. Seam, with right sides together, leaving a small opening (see diagram A). Turn and stuff with cotton batting or sifted sawdust. Turn in raw edges of opening and whip together (diagram B).

Before you begin . . . Machine-stitch around the neckline of the garment a quarter of an inch from the edge to prevent stretching. This is the stay stitch and should be run around any other sections which are cut off the grain. Stay-stitch sheer fabrics, such as lace, chiffon, georgette, to tissue paper to prevent puckering.

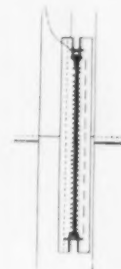
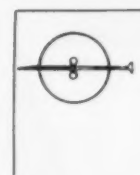
Reinforce any sections which will carry buttons and buttonholes by interfacing with one of these: double cheesecloth, prepared bandage, soft taffeta, net or lightweight sheeting. The interfacing should always be lighter in weight than the dress material you use.

Interface the collar, cuffs and pocket flaps with heavy cotton, Pellon or medium-stiff taffeta. This will keep the shape firm, and prevent its drooping and buckling.

Front facings, when finished, should always be anchored neatly in place on the wrong side with an occasional tacking stitch to the front darts and shoulder seams.

Jersey can sometimes cling too closely. Give the skirt more body—and a softer, less clinging line—by cutting it twice, once in jersey and once in flannelette. Baste the matching sections together and then treat the jersey-on-flannelette as one fabric when you sew it.

Seams . . . When stitching a seam, work from the widest part to the narrowest. For instance, sew from hem to waist on skirts; from underarm to bodice waist, and from armhole down toward the wrist on sleeves.



Sheath and princess dresses . . . Both call for a smooth, wrinkle-free line from bosom to hips. Make it so—by lining the waist sections to about four inches above and below the waistline itself with Pellon.

Skirts . . . Waistline darts at the back of a skirt should melt away at the point. No bubbles or puckers. Taper the darts half an inch beyond the last tailor's tack, running the stitching off the edge of the fabric at the point. Always baste the skirt pleats down from waist to hem before stitching the side seams. The skirt should always fit without help from the pleats.

Buttons and buttonholes . . . Remember that buttons are always sewn on the centre line of the garment. An eighth of an inch to either side is an eighth of an inch too much. When sewing a button to fabric, make a "stem" by placing a pin across the top of the button and stitching over it. With large buttons, use a bodkin or small hairpin. Remove pins and wind more thread around the "stem" to help strengthen it.

Zip fasteners . . . Treat this like any other section of the dress and press it first. Make the placket opening half an inch longer than the fastener. Baste the placket seam together and then press open on the wrong side. Baste the zip fastener over the pressed-open seam so that the metal is immediately over the seam itself. Turn to the right side and stitch, beginning at the upper back corner. Now remove the bastings.

Shirring . . . Run two rows of stitching along the edge, one on the seam line and the other a quarter of an inch above it. Draw up the threads evenly, finish off with back-stitching on the wrong side. Stroke the gathers lightly with a pin to straighten the folds and make them hang evenly. If shirring with elastic thread, use strong sewing thread in the needle of the machine and wind your shirring elastic on the bobbin only.

Edge seams . . . Roll the seam on the edge of collar, cuffs and front opening slightly to wrong side and baste in position. Press very lightly, remove bastings and press again. This will give you a smooth, clean-cut edge. When seaming long or three-quarter-length sleeves, stretch the fabric slightly as you stitch so that the seam has a certain amount of "give." The thread may break later if the seam is too taut. ♦

More Patterns on Next Page



1468



1515

Chatelaine says **SEW and SAVE**
continued

1468: Every wardrobe wants a coat and dress costume. Like this, for instance. The dress could hardly be simpler—a narrow, lightly shaped sheath with a square, notched neckline and small sleeves. Wrapping it lightly, a slice of coat, buttoned or not and lined to match the dress. Sizes 12-42. 50c.

1515: For any number of spring and summer occasions—this dress. It starts with a shallow, square neck, is lightly strapped beneath the bosom and then swoops on into a wide, sailing skirt. To cut a dash through spring and summer, make it in washable cotton, nylon or silk surah. Sizes 11-18. 35c.

Order from your Simplicity pattern dealer, or from the Pattern Department, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.



Chevrolet 2-door Bel Air Hardtop

A General Motors Value

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The '56 Chevrolet so easily and so pleasantly fills its role as the family's out-of-doors companion, that it becomes part of the family in no time at all. Powered to go anywhere the family wants — yet ride-controlled to coddle them in safety and comfort. And roomy — yes, sir — lots of space for young wrigglers to squirm in — and for little sleepy heads to stretch out in.

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All in all, there's no better family car than a '56 Chevrolet. So why not see your dealer about one today?



*Traffic test it!
It's a beautiful
thing to handle!*

Here's a car-care tip: If the small fry get candy stains on the upholstery, simply rub the spot with a cloth wet with very hot water. If traces of stain remain, sponge with carbon tetrachloride.



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can learn
to be a leader
through R.O.T.P.**



Young Canadians, graduating from High School this year, have a wonderful opportunity to go on to exciting careers in the Navy, Army or Air Force. Through the Regular Officer Training Plan (ROTP) qualified applicants can obtain a college education, military training and ultimately, the Queen's Commission . . . all under the sponsorship of the Department of National Defence.

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Officer Cadets receive ROTP rates of pay throughout their training. At the Services Colleges — quarters, food and all necessary equipment are provided. Cadets at Universities receive allowances for food and lodging, tuition, books and instruments.

To be eligible applicants must have Senior Matriculation or equivalent. In addition, a limited number of Junior Matriculants will be accepted at Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean for a special preparatory year to bring them to Senior Matriculation standard. Age limits for Collège Militaire Royal de Saint-Jean are 16 to 20, for all others 16 to 21 on 1st January, 1956. Applicants must be single, physically fit and able to meet Officer selection standards.



For full information write to: Regular Officer Training Plan
Selection Board, National Defence Headquarters, Ottawa;
or:—

Registrar, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont., or

Registrar, Royal Roads, Victoria, B.C., or

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The nearest Navy, Army or Air Force Recruiting Station

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Greenwood

Inlaid rim of Chinese-Green encircled in platinum makes a striking contrast to the wild yellow rose.

Let's Talk About Your House

WITH DORIS THISTLEWOOD

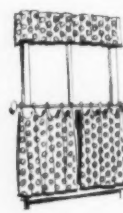
How to Use Patterns In a Room



A lively splash of pattern can make a dull room sing with fresh interest. But too much pattern results in a busy hodge-podge that jangles the nerves and the eye. Follow these four basic rules below for making your patterns harmonize well.



Wrong

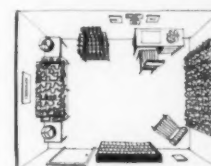


Right

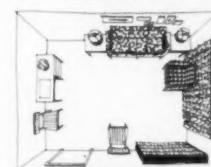
First: Fit the pattern to the space. In other words use small patterns on small areas and larger patterns on big areas. Just as a little woman looks ridiculous wearing a huge hat a little room looks wrong decorated in a big pattern. A small design makes a tiny window or a little room look bigger because the full pattern repeats more frequently. But

even in a large room use a bold pattern cautiously or it will overwhelm it.

Second: Balance pattern in a room as you would furniture. Our sketches show a bird's-eye view of one room arranged with good pattern balance, while the other has all the pattern bunched together making the room appear awkward and small. Don't overlook the patterns that picture groupings or shelves of books make, and take them into consideration when arranging your room. Use horizontal stripes in drapery or wallpaper to make a wall or window appear wider or to lower the ceiling. Vertical stripes are ideal in the basement apartment or recreation room to make the ceiling look higher. Rooms look larger with a plain carpet, while a patterned rug will help furnish large empty areas.



Correct



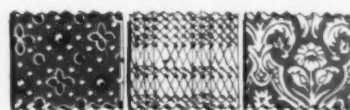
Incorrect



Patterns Combined

Third: Combine small neat patterns with large flowing ones. In a contemporary room stripes, plaids and an abstract print could be used. In a traditional room you might try a large-scale damask design, a brocade stripe scattered with tiny floral motifs, and a lozenge pattern with the quilted look found in *mataclase* fabrics. Oriental rugs with the small Persian-design combine well with large flowing motifs in fabric, such as scenic, floral or perspective prints. Rugs with medallions or large floral sprays need small regular designs.

Fourth: Don't mix your periods. Styles in patterns fall, as do all home furnishings, into three groups—traditional, provincial and contemporary. Traditional designs, like the shell and rococo scrolls of Louis XV, are formal in feeling and they should be used with other traditional furnishings. You can recognize provincial designs because they are generally based on



Provincial Contemporary Traditional

simple geometric patterns or tiny scattered flowers, that were easily stenciled on cotton or linen by early designers. Contemporary designs range from abstract or bold geometric motifs to handsome conversation prints. ♦

HOW COULD I DO THAT?

Continued from page 16

coverings and broken springs, big cracked china jugs and basins, wash tubs, mops, and maybe even something like a hatrack. There might be also a dismantled car, a bicycle without wheels, rusting in the long grass.

But Mrs. Brooke's yard was tidy. It had a fence, a line of faded pickets, and behind it she had planted nasturtiums, hollyhocks and sunflowers. In summer she carried water for them from the pump. Her porch was bare except for the rocker. Her front window showed a clean lace curtain, a mended blind, and a pot of pink geraniums.

The mist came in at the end of the street. The pine trees turned to pale blue cutouts, to shadows, and she heard the distant bell and the shouts and barking of dogs that told her the children were out of school. Ruthie would come running home first, clutching her workbook with the crayoned apples and lopsided houses. Then Donald would tear along the street with her braids loose and her blouse pulled out of her skirt and her knees very likely bloody. Boys would be chasing her, or she would be chasing them, with rotten apples out of somebody's orchard. Bruce would come into the house quietly and get a plateful of scraps for the half-blind old mongrel he kept in the back yard. Then he would roll the dog over and over, talking to him in a sublanguage of strange gruff tender syllables. Alan and Sandy would come later, because they almost always stayed to play ball in the school yard. And Louise? When would Louise come home?

Sometimes she sat there, wondering when Louise would come, until the smoke of relit fires came out the kitchen chimneys and the clotheslines were drawn in, creaking, and the street lamps came on like pale stiff flowers held up against the smoky rose and violet sky. Or, if she went into the house and started up the fire and spread slices of bread with butter and brown sugar for the children, she would keep going to the window, watching. Louise might not come until they were eating supper and it was quite dark outside. Then she would shrug out of her jacket and say, "Oh, Lord, Mother, how'd I know it was so late? We just got talking." Or, "I went to Jill's house. We had to do this chemistry."

"You might of thought what time it was," her mother would say sternly, but rather vaguely. "You might of thought I'd be needing you."

But it was not that. It was not that she wanted Louise home to work. She wanted to see her bending over her books at the kitchen table, writing Latin words and working problems in algebra. She wanted to hear her casual talk of the day at school.

"Jill and I caught it again for talking in history. He said he was going to move us . . . Jill and Mary and I are going to try out for Glee Club, more or less for laughs . . ."

"Jill who?" her mother would say. "Jill Hawthorne? That lawyer Hawthorne's daughter?" Though she knew very well that it was. She kept her eyes

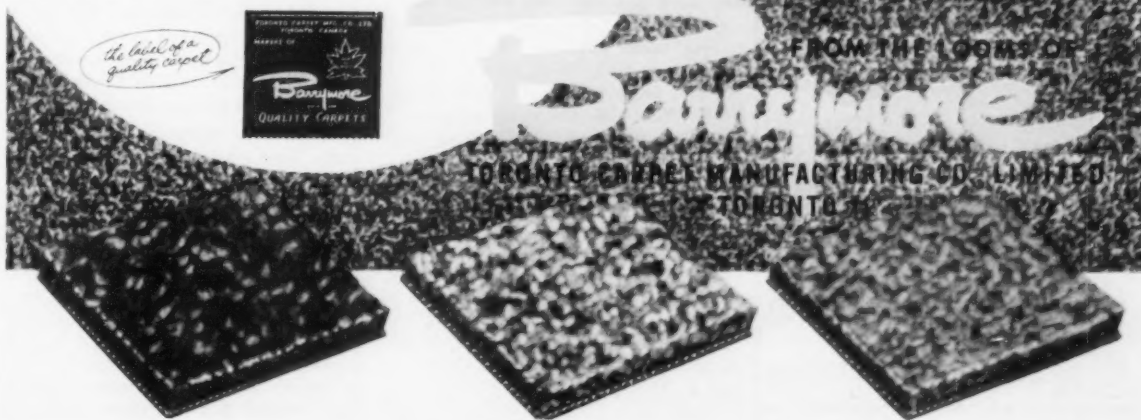


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secretly on this daughter, swinging between the table and cupboard, setting out the dishes. She saw her swinging along those unknown corridors, just so nonchalant and slender, arm-in-arm with lawyer Hawthorne's daughter. At fifteen Louise was as tall as her mother, but she was straight. Her light-brown hair flowed brightly and guilelessly along her cheeks. But her face was always turned a little aside, the eyes half hidden, the thin pretty lips closed and noncommittal. The color might have been delicately painted in her cheeks, for it never paled or darkened. Her mother did not know what she was like. When she scolded Louise it was only a formality. She was too uneasy with the girl to insist on anything.

Sometimes she wanted to ask questions about the things Louise took at school, but she did not know where to begin. Perhaps if Louise would stay home long enough she would be able to talk to her. Perhaps she could talk out her familiar worries, saying, "I wonder if your father'll find anything to do once that paving job's through?" Her husband was out of town now, working up the highway on a paving job they were trying to finish before the snow came. "Maybe if the snow's heavy there'll be some work clearing streets. Maybe he could get a job at Christmas-time delivering parcels for one of the big uptown stores."

She might even talk about how it had always been this way, a few weeks here, or a few months there. How he could never be anything but "temporary," that little man with the light-colored eyes and sharp quivering nose, the persistent unobtrusive cough—her husband. He had asthma. He was weak and tired. She knew it, but she would wear his life out for these children. What could be made of him now, or, for that matter, of her? But these children—these children!

But after she had made these complaints to Louise (your father—your father) she might speak, for once, of the time when she was a hired girl at a house in town and he delivered groceries there—remembering her own rosy freckled face and the boy's mild swagger, his small treasury of standard jokes, and paying implicit homage to that time when nature's peculiar and irresistible workings prepared for the existence of Louise and Alan and Sandy and Bruce and Donald and Ruth. If Louise would stay home long enough and they could get talking.

This afternoon Louise came home before the others, even before Ruthie. Her mother saw her coming and she got up and went into the house and got busy, so it would not seem that she was just sitting there waiting. When Louise came in she said, "Well, it's a wonder to see you home so early!" And Louise said, "What? Oh, I'm going out again." "What for?" Her mother stiffened up from scrubbing the sink. "Oh. Meeting." "What meeting is that?" "Club," said Louise, bending to look in the sideboard mirror. "We have this club now with twelve girls in it. Actually it's like a sorority, but you can't call it that. It's against the rules at school." "I'd think you had enough to do without getting mixed up in clubs. Is that Jill Hawthorne in it?" "Sure."

"Where do you have your meetings anyway?"

"Members' houses."

"Well I don't want to turn the front room inside out for any meeting."

"Mother!" Louise looked straight at her, a flicker of unwonted feeling passing over her face. "Did you think I'd let them have it here?" She turned to the mirror again. "I said I couldn't have any meetings at my place because my father is sick and the house has to be quiet. I can always think of something," she said with a little satisfaction.

In the fluster of the moment, to cover the hurt she felt still spreading inside her, her mother said, "I'm glad of that. Enough going on around this place." She put away what Louise had said, without considering it, thinking confusedly that she should have got angry. She should have protested, but she could not do that without a reversal of position. She kept from thinking about what Louise had said until the next afternoon when she was putting a basket of dampened ironing out of the way in the front room.

She looked all around at this room. She had never looked at it before except to see that it was clean and tidy. Now she saw the coffee-dyed lace curtains, the day bed covered with a frayed plaid rug, the wallpaper with brown dribbles of chimney stain on it—everything ugly, faded, worn, dispirited. She felt that it was somehow her fault that the room was like this, that Louise had to make up some lie to tell those girls. Once she would have blamed Louise for lying, she would have said, "What's the matter? It's clean and paid for!" But now she saw that that was not enough. A room should be nice. She used to plan about a nice room. She used to look at furniture in the catalogue and the store windows.

She had a little money put away. When her husband was working she always put a little away against the times when he wouldn't be working. That was the way they got through. But this time she thought, "If he can't get another job I could go and do laundry at the hospital like I did before." She did not want to do that. She had a little arthritis in her wrists and fingers, but she wanted to spend this money. That afternoon she went downtown. She went to the wallpaper shop.

The paper she picked out was blue, a bright clear blue like the sky in September, with cloud-white wreaths of blossoms and ivory-pillared temples. In the evening when the younger children were in bed she made a kettle of paste and set up a trestle table in the hall. She worked with unusual excitement and impatience, smoothing the widths of fresh bright paper over the dingy walls, jumping up on a stepladder and singing, now and then, in her laboring voice some phrases of The Rose of Tralee.

Louise came in from somewhere and said, "Don't you think that's more a bedroom paper, Mother?" But her mother was not discouraged. She thought, "Wait till she sees it on!" She loved those big luxuriant petals curving against the blue, those islanded temples, elegant and serene.

But when the room was all papered the curtains and the furniture looked worse than before, so she got some ends of flowered cretonne and made them up into curtains. She even went to a house-



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hold sale and bought a lamp that was only a little chipped around its gild-painted base.

Then one morning she noticed that Bruce's shoes had gone through again and the sleeves of Ruthie's coat left bare several inches of cold-reddened skin, and she bought nothing more. She was amazed and troubled to think what she had been planning. She had even been looking through the catalogue at coffee tables and chesterfield suites, though of course with no immediate plans.

Then something happened which for a time she regarded as the greatest stroke of luck in her life. A neighbor of theirs, a woman new in from the country, took a magazine called the Northern Farmer. And when she was through with it she gave it to Bruce because he liked the riddles and the pen-pal page. Mrs. Brooke was spreading some sheets of it out on the kitchen floor, which she had just scrubbed and waxed, and she didn't want the children walking on it when they came in from school. She was not reading the paper but her eye was caught by a big colored picture of a chesterfield suite and the huge printed word, FREE! She picked up the page and read.

It was a contest, for selling a new kind of nylon stocking. The woman who sold the most stockings would win a chesterfield suite. The woman who sold the next most would win a chest of silverware, and so on. The chesterfield suite was upholstered in wine, green, or blue. The one shown in the illustration was wine, with a glossy fern pattern against a deep plush background. She saw it in her room, the rich wine color against the blue walls. She had a satin cushion that had been a wedding present, and a set of stiff lace doilies she had crocheted herself when she was a young girl. She had never had anywhere to put them.

She saw herself saying to someone—maybe it was a girl who went around with Louise—"Just come on into the front room." And she saw the shade of surprise on the visitor's face, to find this room behind the unpainted wooden walls on this slovenly street.

But there was the selling. She would have to sell more than anyone else. The idea went against the grain with her. To go up and knock, uninvited, on people's doors, to be ingratiating, cajoling, to put yourself in a position where, if the other person realized it, you were at

their mercy. She would not like that. At the thought of it she walked around her kitchen, a little distractedly, her shoulders slumping more with an obscure feeling of degradation. But she would do it. She had to, for that room. She would make the necessary sacrifice of spirit. She thought so much in terms of necessary sacrifices that she would have been a little surprised if she had not had to make one for this.

She left her house as soon as the children had gone back to school in the afternoon and she had done the dishes and swept the floor. She wore her tweed coat, which had been given to her by her sister and was too short. She wore her oxfords, newly shined, and her greenish-black gloves, and a large plastic handbag. (She had given it to Louise for a Christmas present, but Louise never used it.) She rolled up her back hair and pushed her front hair back under a felt beret. She put on some of Louise's face powder, considered her lipstick, but did not try it. She had even tried on Louise's nylon stockings. (Since she was selling them, should she not be wearing them?) But the thickened veins in her legs showed through them so plainly that she discarded them for her own woolen ones.

She walked over to the other side of town to streets she had not visited for years. It was the end of fall now. The sun was shining and the mild misty weather was gone. A cold dry wind came up the streets from the acres of stubble, the brown grasslands, to the south of the town. She began to walk up Catherine Street, which was a wide crescent. She was all alone on the sidewalk and she had a strange feeling, as if she were walking down the aisle of a vaulted church with the light filtering through stained-glass windows and the subdued, confident voices on either side of her repeating the words of a service she did not know.

The houses on Catherine Street were built of red brick. They had turrets and fan-shaped hall windows, and panes in the wide dark doors which seemed to be made of cut glass and sparkled in the sun. They were old houses, where rich people had always lived and still did. Between the houses were terraced lawns and clipped hedges and flower borders, where a few gold chrysanthemums were still in bloom. All along one side of the street the yellow poplars were shaken in decorous rhythm. Their leaves caught the sunlight and whirled like candle

Chatelaine Needlecraft



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flames across the gardens. Here it was still. The houses were magnificently solid and self-contained and the sunlight on the grass seemed rich and heavy as in summer. Here you could not think that anything in the world was otherwise than firm and orderly and indisputably right.

She had not foreseen what it would be like here. It was easy enough to make her plans back there, where the factory whistle blew over your head at noon, but here, under the impervious gaze of all those high and shining windows! How had she thought she could go up to one of these doors? She stood irresolute in the street, weighted down with the indignity of this errand, longing for that street by the factory where she walked as a proud superior woman who sent her daughter to high school. Louise! She thought of Louise and the front room and the chesterfield all together. And she dragged the sample case of nylons up under her arm and turned into the walk which led to the first house.

By three-thirty she had reached the last house on the street, a house like a small brick castle set up on many terraces, with a row of blue spruce, trimmed like perfect Christmas trees, and veranda pillars that reminded her somehow of those temples on the wallpaper. She walked up to this door unhesitatingly. It was going well. Already she had more than a dozen orders, and some of them were large. Almost all the women said the same things, "Oh well, I guess I could use them for Christmas or something" . . . "My husband has to give something to the girls in the office" . . . "Well, another pair of nylons never hurts."

They bought them as if they hardly cared what they were doing. They had just got into the habit of buying things. They even offered to give her the money now, although she didn't have the stockings with her, only the samples. Of course she would not take it. She explained carefully how she would have to send in the orders. Afterward she was a little shocked to think of people being willing to pay out their money before they got anything for it. She felt a momentary concern for these rich women.

There was an oval pane of glass, polished like a jewel and chastely curtained, in the great front door. She pushed the bell button. (At the first house she had knocked, forgetting all about buttons.) Chimes sounded deep within the house. After a moment a woman opened the door. She was quite slim, and dressed like a girl in a beige sweater and a plaid skirt. But her short brushed-back hair was grey. She had a long tanned thoughtful face and a sharply cut, red mouth.

"Good afternoon," the woman said, in a gently impersonal voice.

And Mrs. Brooke began, "Are you the lady of the house, madam?"

"Yes," said the woman, smiling a little and noticing the sample case. "Yes I am."

"Well I was just wondering if by any chance you would be interested at all in something I have here which I think . . ."

"I'm on the telephone right now. I'm sorry," the woman said.

But Mrs. Brooke said quickly, "Oh, that's all right. I can wait. I wouldn't want you to miss your chance with what I've got here—madam." (She was always forgetting to say "madam.") "I'll wait right here."

There was a pause, and then the woman said, "No. Wait inside. I'll only be a moment or two." Her voice was still gently impersonal, and perhaps resigned.

Mrs. Brooke stood just outside the glass doors of the living room, looking in, and making a picture of it in her mind to take away with her. She would remember the soft greenish-grey rug covering all the floor, the greenish-grey drapes with the pattern of thin silver leaves, the lamps and the piano and the many little tables with fragile curving legs, and the corner cupboard, where there was a collection of candlesticks and tiny pitchers and fluted plates, all of a milky iridescent glass. The room was so hushed and closed-in. It seemed to hold a reflection of peace and privacy, of splendid leisurely hours spent in it. Did people sit here talking, dressed in their good clothes? Did they drink tea? Did somebody play the piano? What would it be like, to live like that, to have time to do those things? What would it be like to feel this big house all around you, the thick rugs and drawn curtains and the lovely muted light of so many lamps? You would never think about where anything came from, because here it didn't come. It was.

The woman came back. Now she was smoking a cigarette. Mrs. Brooke brought out the samples and began to describe the properties of these remarkable stockings. But she could feel that the woman was not listening. Instead she was looking at Mrs. Brooke with an interest, a curiosity, which was still impersonal, yet somehow compassionate. She looked at her uncomprehendingly, as if she were surprised and touched, though not to any unsettling degree, by the fact of Mrs. Brooke's existence and the facts of Mrs. Brooke's life.

Suddenly she said, "What about you then? What do you get out of this?"

Mrs. Brooke was angry. She did not want to be made to tell something that was important to her. She did not want to open herself to the curious kindly probing of those light-colored eyes in the woman's tanned face. But she composed herself. She said, "Well, what I was hoping to get was a prize, a chesterfield suite. It's a contest on for the most sales in a certain district and I thought I might as well try to win it."

"A chesterfield suite?" said the woman pleasantly, but with a kind of bewilderment. "Is that so? Well I hope you have good luck."

"Yes," said Mrs. Brooke stiffly, forgetting the "madam."

"I suppose I could use quite a few of those stockings for Christmas presents, or something."

A door at the back of the house slammed shut and the woman called, "Jill! Is that you, Jill?" There was an indistinct reply and several footsteps on the stairs and then girls' voices, much closer. "Jill," the woman said, going toward the room at the end of the hall. "Jill, I want to make some meringues and I haven't a grain of sugar. Will you run down to Sanderson's, please? I hate to bring him all the way up here for that. Hello, everybody!"

Mrs. Brooke heard the voices answer, politely, "Hello, Mrs. Hawthorne."

Mrs. Hawthorne! That woman was Jill Hawthorne's mother. This was the house where Louise came after school! This house! She had not known where

the Hawthornes lived. She did not know where any of Louise's friends lived.

"Mother, it's *Club*," a girl's voice said plaintively. And Mrs. Hawthorne said, "Oh, it won't take you a minute. By the way, do you want to order some nylons? There's a woman selling them in the hall."

"Mother, you sucker! You're always buying from those people that come to the door. Come on up to the den and everybody else can get organized while I buzz down to the store."

They came into the hall, chattering, books swinging along their hips. Louise came too, her books swinging, her face animated as her mother had never seen it before. Louise came in careless and happy.

Mrs. Brooke had known, before she looked into any of their faces, that Louise would be there. It was too late for her to run away. There was nothing she could do now, and so she did what she always did at the worst moments. She waited for what would happen, without any twisting away, without any inward retreat. She looked straight at Louise. She waited.

Louise had seen her. Her face went bare. The adolescent face was wiped away and her mother saw the face of a five-year-old girl terrified at one of the carnival rides. And after the first break of horror came the most frantic warning, the most abject plea. She did not make a sound, but with the slightest shudder she drew her lips back from her teeth. Her eyes widened desperately, as if life itself depended on her mother's silence. The look she gave her mother was like a scream, and for a moment Mrs. Brooke felt a dull surprise that no one had heard it.

As the girls passed her, and Mrs. Brooke stood with a rigidly quiet face and did not speak, Louise's own face relaxed. She glanced quickly at the others, she was trembling and pale enough to faint. They turned their backs and started running lightly up the long stairs. Still Mrs. Brooke waited. She waited, but it did not happen. She realized that they were gone now. Louise was gone. A door closed somewhere upstairs.

Mrs. Hawthorne came back, she gave an order. Mrs. Brooke wrote it down but she put things in the wrong spaces and she did not say thank you.

Down the steps of that house, down Catherine Street in the darkening afternoon with the sample case flapping awkwardly against her legs, she, who would never admit to being tired, felt herself so weak and heavy that she could have sunk down on the curb, on one of the soft lawns. She walked down the main street. The lights were on in the stores and a soft-blue neon sign glimmered in the smoky air outside a café. High-school boys and girls in kerchiefs stood there in the blue light. In their voices, in the way they stood, she sensed some mysterious casual knowing insolence. She thought the voices rose and there was laughter after she had passed. They ought to be thrashed, she thought in a wild moment. They ought to be reported. She walked very fast, crossed the bridge over the creek, and cut across the lumber yard into her own street.

Now the sky was clear and shining as water, the little houses black against it. She looked for her own house, and it was dark. She couldn't yet see the

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kitchen window. Then she had a queer cold thought. She thought, "The house is empty, they have gone away!" The house seemed like a place already finished with, a place left behind. And she? She began to run. She ran to see the light in the window. If any of the neighbors had been looking they would have laughed to see that big stiff clumsy woman running down the street.

She hung up her coat and hat and got busy with the supper. She would not talk to the children or say where she had been. Louise did not come home for supper. She did the dishes and put the children to bed. All this time she was busy, the radio was on, the children were talking and squabbling. She did not think. But when they were all in bed she turned off the radio and sat down at the kitchen table with a pile of mending. The chunk of wood in the stove gave a crack now and then. There was no other sound in the room.

She did not think immediately about Louise. She approached that, thinking about other things. There had been something there, in that room, in the not unkindly face of Mrs. Hawthorne, that she could not cope with—a calm elusive, even unconscious, disparagement that she could not meet or challenge. How had she thought that the chesterfield suite was the one thing she needed, the special magic thing? The difference between herself and Mrs. Hawthorne, between that room and any room she would make, was a larger and stranger difference than she had known. Between herself and Louise. *People selling at the door... well, I hope you have good luck... a chesterfield suite...* There were all the things she didn't know.

She heard then soft quick steps on the porch. Louise came in. She had been crying. Her make-up was all rubbed off.

HOW TO BE A GOOD MOTHER-IN-LAW

Continued from page 6

the family to treat you as a friend—someone who is fun to be with, attractive to children and grandchildren you have to start while you are still raising your own family.

Try to realize that fifty years ago you would be relegated to the rocking chair with your knitting by the time you were in your fifties and sixties and you probably wouldn't live much beyond that. Grandmothers today play golf, take university courses and travel halfway across the world and no one thinks a thing about it. Women have to realize that they are going to live twenty years longer than they did half a century ago and begin to prepare for this time early in their lives. They've got to build up interests and hobbies to keep them lively and aware of what's going on in the world when the family is no longer its centre. They must recognize the fact that being a mother may be a full-time job but being a grandmother isn't.

But the baby-sitter type of grandmother often attaches herself to the new family too tenaciously. Many mothers-in-law with the best intentions try to hang onto their sons. While the bride is still struggling to master her new

She stood inside the door, holding to the knob. She began to cry again, and she came over to the table and slipped down on a chair and put her head in her arms. Her mother was too astonished to speak. She was almost afraid.

"How could I do that?" Louise whispered, crying. "How could I do that, Mother?"

Then her mother could think of that other thing she had approached, so reluctantly, in her mind. That betrayal. And the only answer she could make Louise, in her heart, was an echo of the question, "How could you?"

But she put her arms around her and rocked her. She felt ashamed for what Louise had done, as if she had done it herself. Though she would not have done it. She knew that. And there was the worst thing. There was what made her heart fall back—to know her daughter, this fine tall girl, as someone less than herself. She could not help but think that, though she knew that it was different for Louise. Everything was different.

"Never mind," she said.

Louise shook her head, but she did not cry so hard. Her mother had not held her like this for a long time and perhaps she never would again.

"You couldn't help it," her mother said. And just as she said this she understood the importance, the full truth of it. She felt appeased, calm. She felt love.

"She said you wanted a chesterfield suite," said Louise, lifting up her swollen face.

Her mother nodded.

"I'll get you one," Louise said vehemently. "Some time I will."

Her mother roused herself from this depth, this calm of love. She shook her head.

"I don't need it," she said. +

kitchen range, the mother brings over special dishes the son likes. To the bride this just seems like concrete criticism of her ability to feed her husband. In this situation there are several things she might do. She can learn to be a better cook and try to laugh off her mother-in-law's behavior and her own mistakes. If the situation is really disturbing her, she should talk it over with her husband and try to get him to help her handle the situation.

Mothers-in-law are often critical of today's wives on another score. They don't realize times have changed and husbands do more about the house than any man expected to do twenty or thirty years ago. Men now help with the shopping and are as proficient with diapers and dishes as their wives. But many older women haven't recognized this revolution. They tend to blame their daughters-in-law and imply that they are not keeping up their side of the marriage bargain.

Some mothers-in-law constantly look for ways to prove that their family is superior to their daughter-in-law's. They compare everything from the choice of rug for the living room to the way the new bride stacks her dishes. This desire to compare stems from a feeling of insecurity. The best advice for the bride is to try to realize that this is the reason and to keep calm and quiet about it.

But the chief problem in any daugh-

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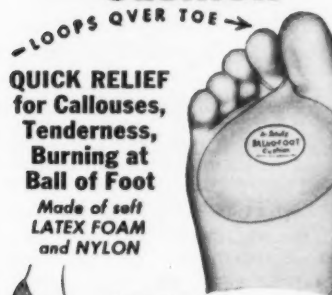
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ter-in-law relationship is silent or open criticism. Many mothers-in-law never say a word but their suffering silences are far more eloquent than any outspoken disapproval.

Actually every relationship has to be worked out by the two people concerned. One wise mother-in-law who realized how damaging criticism could be registered nothing but approval for several months after the wedding. But she felt an increasing barrier growing up between her and her new daughter-in-law. Finally she felt she had to speak out. This is what she said, "I know we come from completely different generations. I heartily agree that you should do things the way you think best, but sometimes I feel I might be able to help you just by speaking out. By keeping quiet, we are becoming strangers, not better friends. If I don't agree with the way you do things please let me say what I really think. You can explain your reasons or not just as you wish and that will be the end of the matter. But at least let's talk."

With this kind of policy, together with a good deal of tact and an honest desire to achieve a good relationship on both sides, the two women found a satisfactory solution.

Less wise mothers-in-law often begin by prefacing all conversations with, "I don't want to interfere but . . ." and they slam a door shut on any good relationship that might develop.

But the biggest battlefield of all between a mother and a grandmother takes place over the children. Grandmothers very often forget how noisy their own children were when they were growing up and they think and say that their sons' wives are spoiling the children. Even more exasperating to mothers is the fact that the children, recognizing the tension between their mother and grandmother, often misbehave even more when the older woman is around.

Sometimes mothers-in-law try to buy the children's affection with a constant flow of presents. They do this because they are afraid they won't be liked on their own merits. They also cause trouble when they demand outward signs of affection: "Come and kiss your grandmother," or "Don't you love your grandmother?" They should be confident of their value as a person to let the children accept them for themselves.

Young people need the support, friendship and confidence of the older generation. They need to have an opportunity to grow, learn and make mistakes. The ideal attitude is to accept calmly the new family as they are. In this way you won't become a built-in baby sitter. You also will avoid turning into a joke-book mother-in-law sitting in judgment on everything the young couple do. +

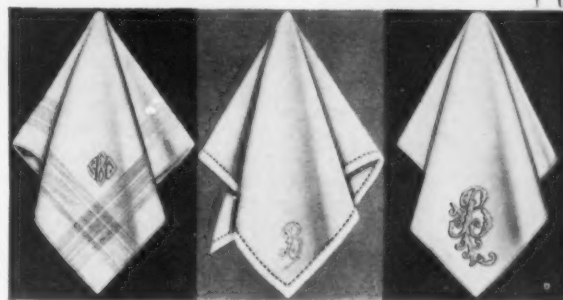
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DECORATE THE SMART WAY —on paper first

BY DORIS THISTLEWOOD

Chatelaine Home Planning Editor

AN UNWISE purchase, whether it be a glaring wall color, an intruding chair or a rug that goes with nothing else in your room, is a constant reminder of a poor choice as well as a depressing article to live with. But, there is a way to avoid these mistakes. It takes little time or expense and can save regret later on. By planning your room schemes ahead of shopping you make your decisions and expensive mistakes on paper.

No good decorating scheme is wrought by magic. It must be carefully thought out to suit the needs of you and your family—the way you like to live, entertain, and, of course, the money you have to spend. Not even a decorator could tell you these things. You have to do your own soul-searching.

When it comes to choosing a style for a room you'll find styles break down into three groups: the gracious traditional type of room for more formal living; the warm, homey, provincial style that glows with waxed wood, tiny patterned fabrics, copper and brass; or the ease of contemporary simplicity. Count the various activities the room will be used for because this decides the amount of furniture you need and the number of services the furniture will have to perform for you. Look for the good features of the room so you can emphasize them, the bad ones that you should disguise.

Arm yourself at this point with a scrapbook, filing folders or large brown paper envelopes to keep clippings and swatches in. Every time you see an illustration in a magazine that successfully solves a problem similar to one you have, every time you find an appealing color scheme or an idea you'd like to adopt, cut it out and file it for future shopping. When window shopping collect paint chips, samples of fabrics and wallpaper, and when a collection of furniture looks as though it may suit your room try to get a catalogue with the sizes of the various pieces.

In order to get an accurate scale for furniture arrangement in the room, rule a piece of paper with half-inch squares. Make each square on the paper equal to one square foot on the floor of the room. A twelve-foot wall would be shown on the paper with a line six inches long. Work right around the room, starting from one corner, and measure showing the width of all openings such as doors, windows and fireplace. When you have the four walls completed you will have a floor plan or a bird's-eye view.

List the furniture you now have and intend using in your new scheme. Measure this furniture for length and width to find out how much floor space each piece takes. Draw these pieces of furniture on some colored paper and then cut them out.

By using this paper furniture and floor plan you will be able to arrange furniture and change it as you please without having to wrestle and tug pieces

into place. The plan will also show you how much space you have left for new pieces of furniture, and where they can best be placed. By this time you have some idea of the type of room you want, its size, how much furniture you need and where the furniture will be placed. Now you are ready to think of color schemes.

One of the easiest and safest ways to choose a color scheme is to build your room around a patterned drapery fabric, wallpaper, rug or your favorite painting or print.

Use the softest color for the largest area, which is generally the walls, because a large expanse of one color tends to make it more intense. The floor is usually the next largest area and this color can be a little deeper. As the rest of the color in the room will only amount to about thirty percent of the total color, it can afford to be brighter and clearer for accent. To give your room sparkle and life use the occasional sharp contrast of very dark against very light. To avoid breaking up the wall space, paint your woodwork the same color as the walls and keep the ceiling light to get the utmost light reflection.

Before buying any colors, match swatch to swatch and try various arrangements of color together until you get a scheme that you and your family will enjoy living with. Remember, too, that a color doesn't look as bright in a tiny chip or swatch as it does in large quantities. One more color tip—and an important one too—never try to carry color in your mind's eye. By taking something along with you to match, you will avoid disappointment and inconvenience.

Here are a few tricks to get color swatches from articles you will be using in your scheme. If you turn an upholstered chair upside down and remove a few of the small tacks holding the cotton muslin on the bottom, you will be able to clip a tiny piece of the upholstery fabric where it is turned under the base of the chair. To get a sample of your rug color pull one or two threads from the outside edge at various spots until you have enough to recognize the color. Press these threads to a piece of cellulose tape so they won't get lost. Whenever you are painting, dip the end of a wooden coat hanger or stiff cardboard into the paint and keep it as a sample. If you've already painted and it's too late to get a paint sample, find a small corner in the room where the baseboard is short in length and remove the quarter round molding to take with you.

When shopping remember to stick to your scheme. Take your clippings, color swatches and floor plan with you. With your shopping organized this way you'll find it more of a pleasure than a task—and with no room for disappointment you'll find decorating can be fun. Good luck and happy planning. ♦



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By HELEN O'REILLY

I AM so old that I can remember a time when nobody we knew had ever heard of an African violet. In those benighted days ferns stood about in brass pots called jardinières and there wasn't a hope of a flower during the long Canadian winter unless you had a conservatory and a particularly green thumb. Then came the second great discovery about *Saintpaulia ionantha* and sooner or later everyone in North America heard about African violets.

The first discovery was made about 1890 by the imperial district governor of Usambara in East Africa. He sent home to his father, Baron Walter von St. Paul-Illaire, a little plant with oval, hairy leaves and thin stalks bearing from three to eight pale violet flowers. The baron turned it over to the local botanical gardens and it was politely named *Saintpaulia* (in honor of the discoverer's family) *ionantha* (which is Greek for "with flowers like violets").

Now that you know that I know the proper name is *Saintpaulia*, I can settle down comfortably to calling the little house pets African violets. They are not violets, of course. But they look like violets and they do come from Africa—what more can you ask of a popular name? The important thing is the second great discovery, which came in 1926. It was then observed that these tiny plants from the African forests would thrive in the conditions of an ordinary centrally heated dwelling under the care of a complete amateur! In a word, the African violet flourishes in the comfortable atmosphere which we on this continent like to provide for

ourselves, and so they are the perfect house guests.

Right there is the reason for all the excitement over African violets. Anyone, but anyone, can grow them and, as one person after another discovers this simple fact, the cult of the African violet spreads and spreads. The curious thing is that along with this ever-increasing enthusiasm there has grown up a myth that African violets are terribly difficult. Once this fantasy takes root, the green thumb loses its cunning and African violets become a mystery. The result is that a healthy crop of African violets in flower is considered the mark of the accomplished gardener and this, gentle reader, is what I wish you to have.

Too Many Leaves?

If you are not a slave to the habit already, get yourself an African violet or two and begin. The first thing to do is to find the best place in your house or flat for your plant. It needs as even a temperature as possible, two to four hours of sunshine at the most, and as much humidity as our central heating allows—or more!

An east window is usually considered the ideal spot, if the ledge or table is not so close to the glass as to chill the plant on cold nights but I have seen African violets flowering marvelously in a north window and, for that matter, in a west or a south window that has been hung with a thin curtain. This is where you must use your head. For if your plants are all splendid leaves and no flowers, more light is needed; if the leaves are turning yellow you may

Why Catholics Believe As They Do

People on the outside often wonder why Catholics keep "running" to church.

And many of them erroneously conclude that this devotion is prompted by fear rather than faith, and by a sense of obligation rather than a spirit of piety and zeal.

"Catholics," they have heard it said, "go to church because they are obliged to do so. The priests keep telling them it is a sin if they don't... that they risk eternal damnation if they don't obey the Church. Catholicism is a religion of fear."

It may be possible to "fool all of the people some of the time." But is it not unbelievable that literally *billions* of people could have been deceived over a period of nearly 2,000 years? Could Catholicism have held the loyalty of eminent philosophers, scientists and other intellectuals down through the centuries if all it offered was a doctrine of fear and superstition?

No, your Catholic neighbor does not go to Mass and Confession and participate in other religious devotions merely because of an obligation imposed by the Church. It is, he believes, an obligation imposed upon him by God; and it isn't fear, but the desire to serve God that prompts his religious life.

Religion to a Catholic is not merely a worthy and virtuous activity. It is an absolute duty. It is, we believe, the means provided by God for the fulfillment of the God-given purpose of our lives. It is the channel through which we acknowledge our utter dependence upon God, and by means of which we give expression to our love, faith and gratitude.

Catholics believe further that we must honor God in the way revealed through



his true Son, Jesus Christ, Who commanded that we "...hear the Church." We believe that Christ established the Catholic Church and that it bears all the distinguishing marks which Christ said His Church would bear. We accept the teachings of the Catholic Church, therefore, because we believe that it is Christ's Church. It isn't fear or superstition that impels us to do this, but clear historical fact and our own reason and intelligence.

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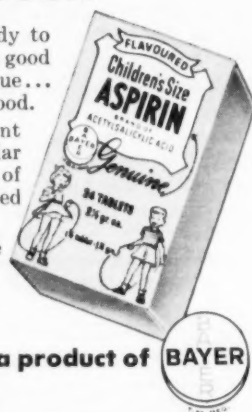


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be pretty sure that your plants are sunburned and need more shade.

Then there is the heart-rending business of the buds dropping off before they open. At this point I find myself muttering crossly, "Well, what happens to them in Africa?" Actually, there lies the answer. One good reason for bud dropping is a sharp change of temperature or a draft, neither of which they could hope for in their homeland; another is overwatering, which wouldn't happen either I imagine. The third cause is overfertilizing, another artificial treatment that nature, even in Africa, is not likely to supply.

It is the temperature problem that has inspired the old wives' tale that African violets must never be moved. I find that three or four little pots of African violets of different colors and leaf types, set in a low bowl, make an attractive centerpiece, and I move them from their east room to the north side dining room without a second thought. If I can endure the temperature of the dining room, so can they! The authorities seem to bear out this test for they say the best temperature for African violets is from seventy to seventy-five degrees—and not lower than sixty at night—and wouldn't you call that the range for humans?

So move them wherever you like except into a bedroom where the window will be opened at night. Another angle in this temperature problem is the effect of watering. The latest theory is that the ugly rings which appear on the leaves are not caused by the watering itself so much as by the temperature of the water used. A splash of cold, cold water while one is basking in a nice seventy-degree room is enough to make anything shrivel—animal, vegetable, or mineral! Water them with lukewarm or room-temperature water but, if I understand the experts correctly, nobody on earth, from African native to Greek philosopher, can tell you how often to do it.

Why not? Because it all depends on the humidity of the atmosphere, the kind of pot you are using, the mean temperature, and the texture of the soil. But don't despair—feel the soil with your finger tip and water it only if it is dry.

An excellent plan is to stand your pots on a bed of pebbles in a tray half-filled with water. Have enough pebbles to keep the pots out of the water, which simply provides constant humidity around the plants as it evaporates. This will mean less watering, of course, but here too the finger tip is the sure test. Speaking of humidity, one professional grower keeps her best varieties in the kitchen to give them the benefit of the steam from the cooking. As she cooks with gas that disposes of another old wives' tale which says gas fumes that are imperceptible to humans are death to African violets.

All the experts can tell you, however, the way to water and I am just as anxious as any of them to reveal my method. Some say water from below as you hope for bloom. Others say water from the top but touch not a leaf. Confidentially, I do it first one way and then the other. Sometimes I stand the flowerpots in a saucepan of warmish water until the top surface of the soil is moist; sometimes I go from one to the other with a cream jug full of lukewarm water, grumbling to myself,

"This thing's as dry as a bone." The rune is not part of the treatment but they do say that a little wholesome neglect often shocks an African violet into flowering when every kind of coaxing and pampering has failed.

This sensible nonchalance does not extend to letting the leaves of your African violet become coated with dust. As with any other plant this will stop them breathing which is, of course, bad. You can dust each leaf off with a camel's-hair brush or wash off the dust with a bulb spray of warm water. My way is to put each plant under the spray of the tap in the kitchen sink. If you use the water treatment let the leaves dry thoroughly before putting the plant where the sun can reach it. How often you do this depends on the amount of dust in your neighborhood. Even in my hot-air-heated house I don't get around to this chore more than two or three times a year but I live out of the city. There are those who talk of dusting leaves every two weeks...

Under the sin of coaxing and pampering goes overfertilizing which, instead of making your African violet bloom itself riotously to death, simply makes the buds drop off and gets you nothing but a lush crop of leaves. Your plant will live well and healthily on the fertility of its soil for at least six months. Then you may offer it a weak solution of liquid fertilizer (a teaspoonful to a quart of water)—once a month if you can't resist. I do this about once a year.

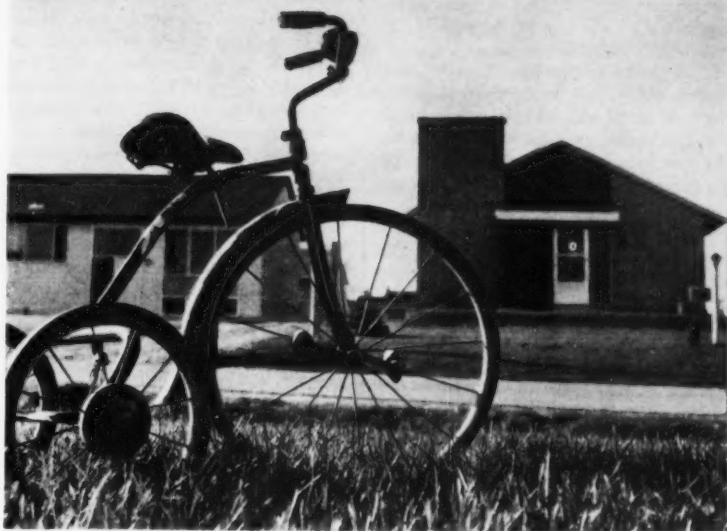
Speaking of soil brings up the other reason for the enduring fascination of African violets. Not only can rank amateurs grow these exotic imports with ease, but they can propagate them without benefit of greenhouse, special lighting, or scientific training! The simplest way is to divide a plant that has developed two or more crowns (separate rosettes of leaves). Gently tap it out of its pot and cut apart the new crowns from the mother plant with a sharp paring knife. Replant each new crown in a small pot of its own and put the parent plant back in its own pot with fresh soil.

There are as many recipes for African-violet potting soil as there are varieties of African violets (and no one can count those). I happen to know that this simple mixture works a treat: one third peat moss, one third good garden soil, one third compost, and a teaspoonful of bone meal for each pot. The object is to get a loose, coarse soil that will let in the air. You can also buy ready-mixed African-violet soil from a greenhouse. You'll need very little, since these plants will only flower if they are in small pots. Give them root space and they go all to leaf.

As you grow more expert you can begin propagating your violets from a single leaf of a favorite plant, you can grow them from seed, and you can cross your own pet plants to make new varieties. But first get the hang of keepin' them blooming and all these pleasures will come later. +



FOR Chatelaine's YOUNG PARENTS



Is your child starting school next fall?

Here are eight lessons you can teach him now to make that first year at school safe and happy

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., DIRECTOR, CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

STARTING school is a big event for any youngster and it takes five or six years to prepare him for this experience. If you can answer "yes" to the following eight questions you will have done a great deal toward making your child's entrance into school happy.

Can he look after himself?

To a toddler, learning to undress and dress to brush his teeth, to hang up his wraps is an exciting and grown-up process. It is best to start teaching him to do these and other jobs for himself as soon as he shows any interest in learning them. Of course he is awkward and slow at first. You could do it yourself in half the time, but it is far better to sit back and let him do it. Of course you should come to the rescue when he strikes a snag or gets tired.

A small child can be a real help around the house: he can put away the silver, set the table and wash vegetables. He enjoys doing such things and they also help to satisfy his curiosity. Soon he can learn to do even more interesting things, such as running errands, clearing the table and tidying his own room. These are important jobs to him and of course he likes to please his parents. Naturally you will praise him for his help and you won't expect too perfect a result. It's a pity to be in such a hurry that you can't accept his assistance, because he can learn a great deal by helping you. He learns to be tidy and orderly by watching and helping you keep the house neat.

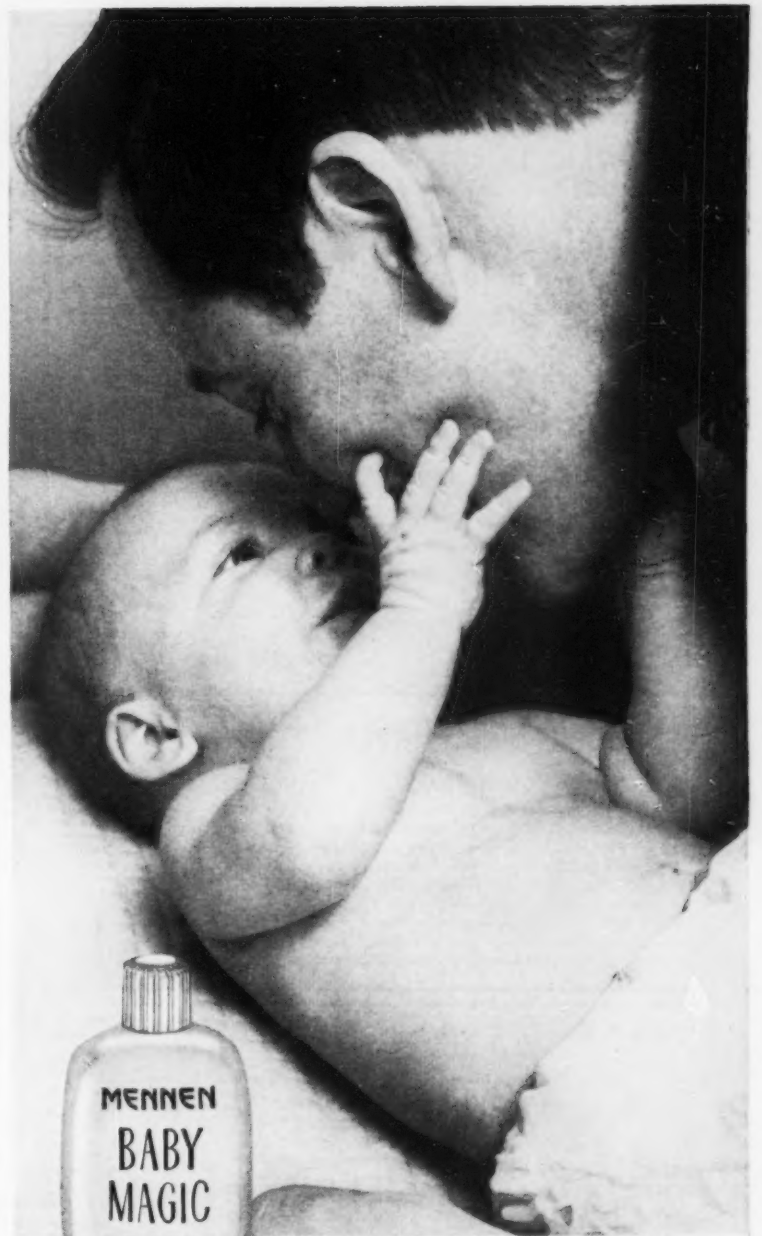
You can help him to learn to make choices by letting him choose which of two shirts he will wear, what he will buy for Daddy's birthday, how he wants his own room arranged and so on. Some youngsters find it very difficult to make choices, mostly because they have so little practice at it.

He needs to learn to get along without you, so arrange a short time each day in which he plays by himself, preferably in his room with a gate across the door or in a closed-in back yard. A visit by himself at a friend's house or a few days' stay with his grandparents helps prepare him to be on his own at school.

Has he had experience with suitable play material?

When he starts to school he will certainly have some handwork to do. If he has played with blocks, simple puzzles, paints, crayons, blunt-ended scissors (but ones that will cut), plasticene and other such materials at home, he will feel more at ease at school. Also he can learn to follow simple directions when using these objects. It is an advantage if he knows the common colors and if he can distinguish, at least roughly, differences in size and shape. He can learn all these things painlessly while he plays, if you and your husband help him. The schools don't expect him to be able to count or to know his ABCs so don't worry him with them.

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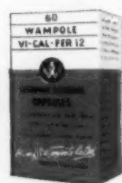
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other "active" toys help him learn muscular co-ordination. Records and even musical instruments such as a drum or a xylophone not only please him, but they add to his enjoyment of the music he will have at school.

Can he talk plainly?

Unless he can make himself understood easily, he won't fit into school as well as he should. It is best never to talk baby talk to him even when he's a baby or to laugh at his errors or repeat them, because that encourages him to keep on using them. You will help him if you speak clearly and always use good grammar. He learns new words, new ideas and more about familiar things when you talk or read to him. Some well-chosen books of his own are a good investment.

Trips to various places of interest such as an airport, railway station, round house, zoo, dairy, farm, lake or market are not only fun but they broaden his experience and make many things he will learn at school real to him. For example, he will be far more interested in reading about a calf or a cow or a monkey if he has seen them himself. Having your youngster occasionally meet adult visitors, who don't overwhelm him but let him make the overtures, is good training. So is learning to answer the telephone.

Can he play agreeably with other children?

As you know, young children have to learn how to play with other youngsters. This requires unobtrusive supervision for some time until they know the rules of give and take, following and leading, not to hit each other, and so on. Nursery schools are a help here but some mothers can do an even better job themselves, if they are willing to put the time into it. It's a mistake to think that youngsters naturally know how to play together, and a child that has played by himself almost exclusively is at a real disadvantage when he starts school.

Is he healthy?

A healthy, regular daily routine which he accepts without argument enables a youngster to give his full attention to the many new experiences that will come his way when he starts school. If you have taught him to eat well, a job that takes among other things both patience and a good example; to come to meals on time; to go to bed at a regular hour without objection; to have a usual time for elimination; to enjoy active outdoor play—all these will make it easier for him to get off to school on time without fuss or flurry. Besides they are better for his physical and emotional health.

The teacher will expect him to know how to use a handkerchief, to cover his sneezes and coughs, to keep things out of his mouth, to look after his toilet needs and to wash his hands. Most of this he learns by example. It is best to have him checked over by your doctor at least once a year and by your dentist at least every six months. He will probably need booster shots before he starts school and it is advisable to have all this done well before the term opens.

Does he know and observe the safety rules?

When you take him out with you teach him the safety rules and also the reasons behind them. Begin as soon as he can understand, and he can start

at an early age. One father I know always allowed his five-year-old son to tell him when and where to cross the street when they were out together.

By the time a child is ready for school he should have learned always to walk on the sidewalk, always to walk straight across the street and always to obey the traffic lights or traffic officers. These and other safety rules have to be drilled into him and of course we adults must invariably set a good example. Youngsters should be taught to take the route to school that you have planned out for them (possibly under the supervision of a reliable older child at first), and to come directly home from school. They should also know their name, home address and their parents' name.

Is he dressed suitably?

This seems rather an anticlimax, but it is really important to dress him as much like his classmates as you can. I remember one little boy who was sent off to school in a bright red sweater with shorts to match. The other youngsters had never seen clothes like that before, so they said he was a postbox and stuffed his sweater full of leaves! I daresay that child, who is now a grown man, can still remember that experience with discomfort.

Of course your youngster's clothes should always be loose enough so that he can move freely, be easy to undo and put on, have loops for hanging up and be easy to wash. The articles he takes off at school such as rubbers, galoshes, coats, hats, and mitts should have his name on them. You can write his name with ink inside his rubbers and on pieces of tape for his other clothes.

Is he acquainted with the school?

Most schools like you to register a youngster who is due to start next fall sometime before the summer holidays. Some schools have a meeting at that time for the new mothers or have booklets for you about the school. They usually interview you about your child. It is a good plan to take your youngster over to the school and show him around a bit. Many schools like him to spend a morning or afternoon in his grade.

Most teachers enjoy meeting their children's families and perhaps you could have her over to tea or dinner when your child is in her class. Children, especially the younger ones, are really pleased when their mothers and their teachers are friends. It is well to remember that the teacher has thirty or forty other children besides yours. Avoid criticizing her or her work, particularly before the child.

The schools have put a lot of thought into ways of making your child's entrance into school easy and happy. Sometimes a joking remark by a thoughtless adult about the strappings and other unpleasant incidents that are waiting for little Willie at school can cause a lot of unnecessary worry. Young children take such remarks literally and they don't know enough about school to appreciate the humor. So try to prevent their acquiring wrong impressions.

The first term at school takes up a great deal of a child's energy. It is far harder on him than even vigorous play in a small group. So it is a good plan to let him relax when he is home. You would be wise not to plan trips, parties or extras for him in the week until he is thoroughly acclimatized. +

HAVE CORSAGE, WILL SPEAK

Continued from page 20

the proviso, "if at all possible." A cancellation must seem to the hard working members of a program committee like poor planning on the part of the speaker. This is one of the occupational hazards and a smart committee will simply get busy on the telephone and find themselves a good substitute.

When you do get your substitute be sure you brief her fully on what she's expected to say. An amusing mix-up occurred last fall when Collingwood, Ont., was celebrating the hundredth anniversary of its fall fair. The women's committee, the backbone of any fair, opened the celebrations with a Sunday service in Trinity United Church, which had also celebrated its centenary two months previously. The scheduled speaker fell ill and couldn't come, and I got the phone call: "Come and help us." The telephone connection was bad, there was no time for a letter, but I was certain that the occasion was for the fall fair. Driving the ninety miles to Collingwood, I quickly organized a short speech on the dignity of agriculture and the admirable work done by the fall fair board.

I arrived just in time for the processional, with no opportunity to check my speech. Suddenly I realized that J. H. Ferguson, MPP, who was introducing me hadn't said a word about farming. He was extolling the church centennial. With great presence of mind, I thought, I changed my speech in midstream and spoke on the dignity of the church rather than the importance of the farm.

But I wondered why the twelve directors of the fall fair in the front pew looked so puzzled. It wasn't until the service was over that I was gently reproached for not even mentioning the fall fair. In following Ferguson I had been led completely down the wrong alley.

No Hassles Over Fares

What should you say in the invitation to the speaker? To avoid mix-ups, send a letter. The letter should make perfectly clear the name of the organization, the date and hour of the meeting, the place where it is to be held, and the fee, if any, which can be paid. This letter should also state whether or not traveling expenses will be paid, what arrangements are being made for meals and for overnight accommodation, if that is necessary. If you arrange hotel accommodation be sure to inform the desk clerk ahead, so that when the speaker asks for her bill there is no misunderstanding.

The initial letter should also state clearly whether the occasion is formal or informal, and what dress is required. In the follow-up letter, if additional teas or luncheons have been laid on, the speaker should be told so that she may take the necessary clothes.

The speaker should also be thoroughly briefed on the length of time allowed for the speech, so that she will finish on schedule.

Settle transportation of the speaker, both to and from the occasion, when you make final arrangements with her. The Montreal women's clubs, of which

there are many, have evolved a most satisfactory system. Each club has a charge account with a local taxi company which will pick up the speaker, deliver her to her appointment, and return her to her home or office at the conclusion of the meeting. Thus there's no embarrassment of asking the guest: "How much was your taxi fare?" "Did you pay the driver a tip?" "Is he calling for you after the meeting?"

At dinner recently I got caught in the middle of the following two-way

conversation. Leaning to speak to one another behind me, said the president of the group to the treasurer in a stage whisper: "We got off easy this time didn't we? No taxi fare, she drives her own car."

"And," answered the treasurer, "bought her own corsage too. We hadn't any expense."

Well, that's the way I like it. But far too often the speaker finds herself stranded at the end of the evening with the secretary charting the number of

additional members who've been guided in, and the treasurer counting the take and the president shaking hands with all her friends. The unfortunate speaker is left to wend her way homeward as best she may.

Clothes for a speaker are a problem. They must be dressy but not too dressy. Jangling bracelets, drop earrings, a hat that shadows the face, a too-tight, too-short skirt—avoid them all like the plague. Let's face it, the woman in the back row will remember what the



"Darling... He looks just like you!"

As far as this father is concerned, the resemblance between himself and his young son and heir is anything but striking, but we're inclined to side with mother. After all, if mother says this is the only baby in the whole hospital nursery with daddy's wonderful eyes and smile, who should know better?

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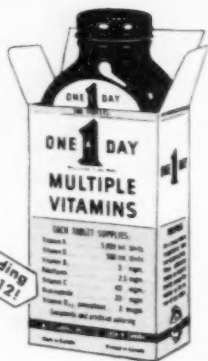
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speaker wore long after she's forgotten what she said.

The first time I was asked to speak in Convocation Hall for the Federated Women's Institute was quite an occasion for me. I wore a new navy-blue suit, and to dress it up my mother gave me a white blouse, with collars and cuffs of Irish crochet lace.

During the first ten minutes of my speech, a woman sitting at the back moved down to centre; toward the end she came right down front, her eyes fixed on me. What could be more flattering? I thought: "I'm really getting my message over."

Well I had—but it was a different message. When I finished she came up to me, felt the lace collar on my blouse and said: "You know, I couldn't see from where I sat whether that lace was hand-made or machine-made. But it is machine-made, isn't it?"

I agreed it was and slunk out.

One more word of advice to the speaker: on your check list, and particularly if this is an annual visit, list the clothes worn. I am very easy on my clothes; consequently they never wear out. I'm quite likely to turn up in Edmonton in 1956 wearing the same suit I wore in 1955. You can imagine what an effect this has on your audience. "Still wearing that same old suit," they'll whisper to one another. "Wouldn't you think she'd get some new clothes?"

One of the hazards of guest speaking is talking with your head-table neighbors. It's considered rather bad manners for a speaker to sit at the head table in silent and dour concentration over what she's going to say later. She's expected to indulge in light conversation. Sometimes this isn't easy.

A Lavender-lined Coffin

A few years ago I was the guest of the Ottawa Advertising and Sales Club. My dinner companion was a wholesale dealer in funeral caskets—a man dedicated to his life's work. He loved death. When the main course arrived—the individual chicken pies for which Chateau Laurier is famous—he launched into the story of the new methods of embalming. "Ah," he said, "it's a wonderful process." Then spooning out some of the breast meat onto his plate he added: "The limbs stay as flexible as this chicken."

Then pursuing the conversation, he added: "Have you made arrangements for your own funeral?"

"No," I answered abjectly, "I don't like to think of it."

"Come, come," he said. "A business woman like you. It's so easy. When you buy your plot and casket and pay for them, the family is left with no responsibility. You see, you get three copies of the contract—the undertaker keeps one, you keep one, and the third is filed with your lawyer."

Then to clinch the argument, he continued: "And coffins done in colors are so attractive these days. Now let me see . . . sort of suntan complexion, and your hair's going grey. Kate, I can just see you in a mahogany casket with a soft lavender lining. You would look wonderful."

For me the dinner was a lost cause, and I still haven't invested in my three-way contract for a mahogany casket!

Probably the worst ordeal a speaker has to face is listening to her own introduction. If you look down at your

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feet, the onlookers say: "She's bored." If you gaze straight out at the audience they're likely to say: "Look, she's lapping it up."

But sometimes the introduction is downright hilarious.

During my poultry-raising career I attended a meeting of poultry breeders in Ottawa, presided over by the federal minister of agriculture, W. R. Motherwell. Weather grounded the invited expert from Cornell University. Poor Mr. Motherwell, no speaker. If he asked any of the men poultry breeders present he would make one friend and three hundred enemies. In desperation he turned to the only feminine poultry breeder. "Kate," he implored. "Will you make the dinner speech tonight?"

"What about?" I asked. "What shall I say?"

"Just anything," answered Motherwell. "About twenty minutes."

Came the dinner. In introducing me, Mr. Motherwell referred to our nation's growing poultry flock, then announced: "And now I give you the little lady who, by her own industry and hard work, has just completed two world records for egg laying." The applause was deafening.

I felt I should have started with: "Cluck, Cluck."

One thing a speaker has to realize: She can never win out over refreshments. There she stands. She works up to her climax, and by some sort of intuition the entertainment committee realizes the end is near. They rise in a body, tiptoe out of the hall to put on the kettles. Every head turns, every eye follows them, and every ear is attuned to the muted clatter of cups and saucers being fitted together.

The thank-you speech? The best advice is that given by Franklin Roosevelt: "Be brief; be sincere; be seated." No speaker wants to hear her points recapitulated one by one.

And with the thank-you speech comes the vital problem of presenting the corsage. Far, far too often it is presented along with the thank-you. It's pinned hurriedly on the bosom of the speaker who, let's face it, has a vulnerable breastbone. The pins stick in, the corsage droops, it's all too painful. Far better it should be presented ahead of the speech. Better still, let the speaker forgo the corsage and put the money saved into a club project.

Any speaker worth her salt will take these everyday hazards in stride. But how do you handle those shattering, once-in-a-lifetime blows?

One incident at our Canadian National Exhibition cooking school really left me speechless. Each afternoon we had a birthday cake for the oldest person in the audience. One afternoon the cake was won by a Toronto woman aged eighty-two. She reminded me of Queen Mary: the toque perched on white hair, the long black dress, the low-heeled shoes. Fragile but indomitable, she faced the mike for the first time in her life.

Then followed the regulation questions: "How old are you? Where do you live? When did you first attend the exhibition?"

"I was only eight years old," she quavered, "but it's just like yesterday. That was the first year you had your cooking school."

The audience roared. I said indignantly, "I did not." "Ah yes," she

insisted. "You were here, and so was Rudy Vallee."

I wonder what Vallee would think of that story.

On another quite different occasion, I wasn't speechless—to my regret.

I was in Yorkton, Sask., innocently involved in a broadcast that had nothing whatsoever to do with hockey. I had been amazed at the number of people crowding into town for the final hockey game between Yorkton and Melville sixty-five miles away. For years this battle had been raging—the trophy cup being passed back and forth with no shaking of hands, but bitter recriminations.

Naturally I was delighted when the station's sportscaster asked me to sit in the box with him while he broadcast the crucial game. On the big night, the arena was jammed. Even the babies had been brought along. Toward the end of the game, when obviously the tide was running against Yorkton, the donor of the cup approached me with a request that I make the congratulatory speech on the ice, then present the cup to the Melville team. I was flattered.

Like a fool I accepted—was booed off the ice by the irate Yorkton fans, and only escaped through a back door.

Such are some of the occupational hazards of speakers.

Youngsters in Wheelchairs

I think the most satisfying public speaking I've ever done was to a class of thirty handicapped children, all in wheelchairs. We did a cooking class once a week. It was quite a problem, since the bakeboards had to be fitted on the wheelchairs; the measuring cups, spoons and sifter had to be within reach. But we managed it, and with a lot of fun.


When the Christmas-bazaar epidemic reached fever pitch, the youngsters decided they too would have a bazaar. The easiest thing to make was shortbread cookies, since they require few ingredients and can't fail.

The gobs of shortbread were painstakingly rolled in those slightly grimy hands before they were flattened and baked. The result was pale grey—but the youngsters sold every cookie, accumulated the vast sum of twenty-eight dollars, which forthwith was spent on an artificial leg for one of their small companions.

Public speaking—it's fun, every minute of it, and it leaves a thousand happy memories. When the history of Canada is written there should be a special chapter set aside for the women who belong to service organizations. In a country with a small population such as ours (fifteen and a half million) four million women belong to such organizations. Unstintingly, unselfishly, they give their time, their talents, and their money.


They plan programs months ahead; they bring food from home; they lend an air of elegance and old-fashioned hospitality to every function they conduct. They welcome the speaker; they take her into their homes; they leave her with a sense of great humility because of the magnitude of the work they do.

Now may I present our speaker of the day. But the speaker, if she has any sense, recognizes that she is only a minor part of this vast body of Canadian women who have done so much for this, our country. +



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WHAT MADE THIS CAKE FAIL?

Here's why good cooks have failures, even when they follow instructions exactly

By Chatelaine Institute

ONCE there was a picture of a cake on the cover of a magazine. It was high and light and even-textured, lavishly frosted and altogether irresistible. The recipe was inside the magazine, with detailed directions for mixing and baking. Mrs. C., of Winnipeg, a fine cook with a reputation for making excellent cakes, decided to add this one to her repertoire. She made it accurately, placed it carefully in her heat-regulated oven, set the timer and confidently awaited the result.

But the cake Mrs. C. took from the oven didn't look remotely like the picture. It wasn't nearly as high; it looked close and heavy and seemed dry. And she was puzzled. Being a thrifty soul she contrived a very acceptable dessert from the failure, but a few days later she decided to try the cake again. It failed again.

Mrs. C. wrote to the magazine in search of an explanation for her unsuccessful cakes. The food editor was puzzled too: the cake had been one of their major successes all over the United States.

The U. S. editor forwarded the letter to Chatelaine and asked if Canadian ingredients and methods were different enough to account for the woman's problem. They are. Here at Chatelaine we have been running into this problem for years.

The differences are not so much in method as ingredients. In Mrs. C.'s case baking powder had caused the trouble. She was using a popular brand of Canadian baking powder which is quick-acting. The cake recipe had been developed with a double-acting powder—the type most widely used by the U. S. magazine's readers. Since seventy-five to eighty percent of the baking powder used in Canada is the quick-acting type, Mrs. C.'s mistake was a very natural one.

The container should tell the type—tartrate, phosphate or double-acting. Tartrate powders are the fastest acting, beginning to work as soon as liquid is added. Mixing, after this step is taken, should be quick and the product should reach the oven as soon as possible. The phosphate is slightly less speedy and about a third of the action takes place in the oven. The double-acting powders, however, need heat to do the greater part of their work, so very little of the leavening gases escape before the mixture goes in the oven. Consequently smaller amounts are needed.

Flour may pose a problem too. A cake recipe should—and usually does—state the type of flour to be used. Canadian recipes say whether cake, pastry, or all-purpose flour is called for. The first two types are milled from soft wheat, with the cake flour being

very fine and velvety to the touch. Most of the all-purpose flour in Canada is made from hard wheat, which has higher protein and gives a more elastic dough, ideal for breadmaking. Some Canadian all-purpose flours are blended from hard and soft wheat but the all-purpose flour called for in U. S. recipes is always the blended type.

A hard-wheat flour can be used in a recipe which calls for pastry or cake flour by decreasing the amount although the resulting product will be closer-textured. If the recipe calls for 1 cup of cake or pastry flour, use 3/4 of a cup (1 cup less 2 tablespoons) of the all-purpose (hard-wheat) flour.

To the casual cook, flour is flour and she probably blames herself or her oven for the wide variety of results she gets in her cake-baking. But the best cooks in the country know their flour and get consistently good results by always using the type and quantity which is best for the purpose or by choosing recipes which call for the type available to them.

These two items—the baking powder and the flour—are likely to cause the most headaches, when recipes have been developed with specific ingredients and we unknowingly use some other types.

There are other differences that confuse, and sometimes confound women who follow U. S. recipes. Names of foods, for instance, package and can sizes, grade markings or products that

can't be found at Canadian grocers' are sometimes indicated.

There were two good examples of these differences in the cake recipe that Mrs. C. tried. The ingredients for the icing included "a small package" of cream cheese and a stated amount of "confectioner's" sugar. It's easy enough to pick up a small package of cheese at the store but you'd look in vain for "confectioner's" sugar. Here we call it icing sugar but the novice and even some of the more experienced cooks don't know they are the same sugar.

And as for the cheese, the Canadian small package is larger than the "small package" called for in the recipe, so the icing would not be the same unless adjustments were made in quantity.

Food editors of Canadian magazines keep up to the minute on new products that come on the home market and on changes that are made in familiar foods. They develop their recipes with an eye to the types and brands of ingredients which are available in local stores across Canada. The home service departments of Canadian food companies devise recipes using their own particular products and naturally can't guarantee results if different ingredients are used. It's becoming more and more important in this age of specialization to match your recipes with your ingredients or you may be disappointed just as Mrs. C. was with the cake that failed. +

This stick-up job really paid off



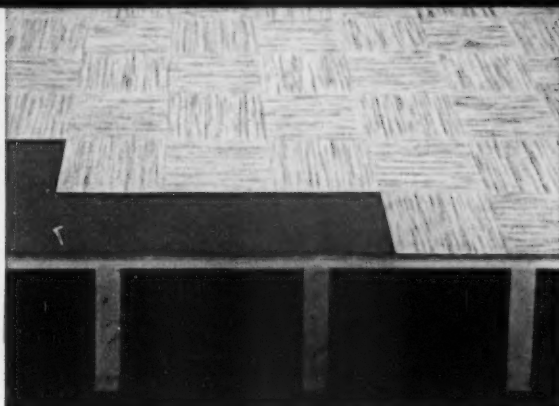
The manufacturer claimed that no special skill or tools were needed to do a perfect job with this prepasted wallpaper—just wet and hang. Having no previous experience as paper-hangers, we felt we could easily test the first claim: "No special skill needed." So using no special tools other than a chair, a small trough filled with water, a sponge, yardstick, pencil and scissors we carefully followed manufacturer's directions and papered a wall in one of the Chatelaine Institute offices. Lo and behold, the job *was* perfect! The paper remained tight at the seams and any small blisters, formed by air pockets under the paper, disappeared on drying. The instructions were clear and easy to follow and the handy trough provided by the manufacturer made dampening easy.

But this was all done under nice normal home conditions. What might happen if conditions weren't so good? To find this answer, we sent samples of the wallpaper to the laboratory where it was placed on painted panels and subjected to varying degrees of dampness and dryness. No blistering or peeling was detected after several weeks of this treatment. On all counts the wallpaper had scored, so Chatelaine Institute Seal of Approval was awarded to Sunworthy Prepasted Wallpaper.





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